

# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

FEBRUARY 11, 1957

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**COVER:** CH. BARRAGE OF QUALITY HILL  
Photograph by Jerry Cooke

(Advertisement on page 5)

Entering the lists of the Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show, the noble buster on this week's cover could well be the fourth of his breed to capture the coveted, ultimate award. For the success story of Barrage and the boxer breed, see pages 52-54.

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It's getting so that the Southwest has more new stadiums than all wells, reports Tex Maule





## JIMMY JEMAIL'S HOTBOX

### The Question:

*If you saw someone violating  
the fish and game laws  
would you report him to  
a game warden?*

### DICK CORNISH



*President  
Metropolitan Red and  
Gun Editors' Assn.*

Not a novice who unknowingly took one fish more than the limit. But I would report a jacker, the guy who uses a light to bewilder

a deer at night, or anyone else willfully committing a major violation of our game laws. They are robbing our resources and deserve to be prosecuted.

### MRS. ARCHIBALD G. THOMSON



*Bryn Mawr, Pa.  
Housewife*

I'm tempted to say I would. But would I have to shoot, have gone rabbit shooting and have shot pheasant and quail. I also shot grouse from Invercauld Castle in Scotland. I know how people can be tempted. I'd never violate the hunting laws, but I couldn't report others.

### ELIZABETH FRASER



*New York  
Actress*

No. In many cases, the violation may be accidental rather than willful and deliberate. Suppose a hunter accidentally shoots a doe during a season on buck? It often happens. However, if a hunter is apprehended with a carcass out of season, he should be jailed and fined heavily.

### BERT FERGUSON



*Murphy  
Radio station  
executive*

I suppose every sportsman should, but it's not his nature. Would I? That depends. If he's over the limit, no. If he's poaching in a field or stream, perhaps. If he's hunting out of season, yes. Out of season irritates me most, probably because I want to hunt if anybody else is going to.

### GAL FARLEY



*Awarville, Tenn.  
President of  
Boys' Ranch*

We have that problem out our way because there's a lot of quail and wild turkey. Hunting is wonderful and the quail season is short. I understand why a man would bag more than the limit. I dislike reporting him, but the game warden always gives the birds illegally shot to our kids.

### LEO W. SHEARER



*University of Maryland  
Zoology instructor*

It's difficult to answer that question. Suppose the violator happens to be a good friend? It can happen. If he were a friend, I'd probably reconstitute with him. How could I report a friend? Sure, there's no excuse for things like shooting out of season, but a lot of people do.

### AL BROMLEY



*Albany, N.Y.  
Acting editor, N.Y.  
State Conservationist*

I did once. This man shot seven deer before the season. He didn't need them, either. That hurt me more than the illegal shooting. I've seen violations that may have been unintentional, and I haven't reported them. You have to use horse sense, like a cop does with traffic violations.

### MORRIS E. VOLCK JR.



*New York City  
Sales manager  
Dietaphone Co.*

I don't think I would report him. The states have game wardens for that purpose and that's why game wardens are sometimes so unpopular. I wouldn't like to share. After all, although a man has violated a game law, it isn't as if he had violated a criminal law.

### MRS. CAMILLE M. CARILL



*Gaith  
Housewife*

I should report him, but I'd be considered a tattletale. My friends might not like that, and we'd hear about it on Gaith where my husband is stationed. Anyway, I'm told some game wardens let the local inhabitants hunt out of season. If that's true, why should I report a violation?

### NEXT WEEK:

*Is there a physical  
fitness problem  
among the youth  
of your country?  
(Asked of foreign  
dignitaries)*

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## MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



**THIS DISHATTED MAN** is Photographer Jerry Cooke, a prolific contributor to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, who in this issue gets credit not only for our cover but also for the **Craft's Dog Show** and the **SPORTING LOOK**.

As an adjunct to taking pictures, Cooke collects sports hats. The method is simple. When he goes on assignments he doesn't wear one. He just makes it a point, whenever he can, to buy one on the scene.

Cooke first spotted the grouse helmet on the right atop the Reverend W.J.L.R. Haywood of North Devon, an interested spectator at the **Craft's Show** in London. The classic pith model on the left was the logical solution to the sun at Florida's Africa, U.S.A., where he shot this week's **SPORTING LOOK** on batik. (Cooke left his assignment with cover dog Ch. Barrage, however, as hatless as he came. Barrage posed indoors.)

One of the last times Cooke bought a hat before leaving on assignment was in 1945 when he went to photograph an eclipse at the North Pole, a poor place for shopping. You can see the polar model below in the picture of part of Cooke's collection. But since then most of the places he's been to have offered better facilities for him to work his version of "the hat trick."

If there's any moral, it must be one already familiar to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** and its readers. Part of the fun of sports is the clothes that go with them—just as part of the fun of sports photography for Jerry Cooke is the hats he comes back with.



*Harry Phillips*



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says ELMER CADAYER, pre-med

CHELSEPOEM, WASH., Nov. 19—As often in the Pets & Pouch Animal Hospital, Elmer Cadayer (pre-med student) is seen at work on a cat. He is a third-year student at the University of Washington, and his cat is named "Elmer." Elmer is a Siamese cat, and his owner, Elmer Cadayer, is a pre-med student at the University of Washington. Elmer is a Siamese cat, and his owner, Elmer Cadayer, is a pre-med student at the University of Washington. Elmer is a Siamese cat, and his owner, Elmer Cadayer, is a pre-med student at the University of Washington.

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HEENENFEST AND WESTMAN

# JUBILATION ON THE KAW

It was a great night in Lawrence, and the whole town was there to watch Iowa State and Kansas U. meet in their rubber match

by JEREMIAH TAX

GIL HEENENFEST and Roger Westman are explosives. At Iowa State University in Ames and, like all State students these days, intense basketball fans. Along with other Staters last week, they were disappointed to learn that the Saturday night game with Kansas at Lawrence, some 250 miles away on the Kaw River, had been a sellout for weeks and there were no tickets for Iowa students.

The rest of the Ames undergraduates met the challenge by raising \$2,100 to pay line charges from Lawrence so the game could be telecast by their local station, but this did not satisfy Heenenfest and Westman. Early Saturday morning they started hitchhiking to Lawrence, made it by 2 in the afternoon. Still without tickets, they found an open deer in the Kansas Field House, slipped in and eluded uniformed guards and ushers all afternoon.

That night, they and 17,000 others present, plus the thousands who watched on television, saw an immensely exciting game. Only two men, however, were fully aware that in addition to a game the final act in a psychological drama was being played out before them. They were Kansas Coach Dick Harp and State Coach Bill Strannigan.

Two weeks earlier, State had beaten Kansas by one point, on a last-second jump shot by Center Don Medsker. It was a victory in which the whole team shared, including Assistant Coach Bob Lawson, who had literally dreamed

*restored the great jump*



**CRITICAL POINT** is game time at start of second half, when State led by seven points. Then the Kansas game began to bloom.

ROSE BOWL  
ILLUSTRATED  
FEBRUARY 11, 1957



## JUBILATION OF THE KAW

continued from page 10

up a defensive strategy (31, Jan. 23) to contain Kansas' giant Wilt Chamberlain. That defeat, only one of the season for Kansas, highlighted Dick Harp's difficulties. The first was a season-long tendency by his team to play at considerably less than full effort, trusting, as he put it, "to the Big Fellow to pull them through somehow." The Big Fellow of course is Chamberlain, and he had indeed saved Kansas up to that time. But he had to miss at least once, and when he did the defense was hard.

Harp's other problem—for more complex than the first and one which is still far from being solved—concerned Wilt himself. Chamberlain came to Kansas all the way from Philadelphia on a floodtide of publicity unmatched in college sports history. And Wilt, at best a feck and moody young man, is simply not equipped to cope with the stares, cameras, reporters and rumors that follow him wherever he goes. He has withdrawn within himself to the point where, even during practice sessions in an empty

stadium, he appears to be miles from the scene in spirit. During a game, before the capacity stands he always draws, he seems to be doing his best to avoid any move that will cause any special notice. On offense, he takes his position in the post and remains rooted for most of the action, coming to life just long enough to block a few shots and dunk a few buckets to save the day for Kansas.

Before the Iowa State game, Dick Harp, who is 38 and in his first year as head coach, tried for hours to talk Chamberlain into a relaxed frame of mind. He also tried to impress the rest of his charges that out on the court they were not just four anonymities surrounding a star. By game time he had nearly talked himself out.

Bill Strannigan had to approach tip-off time by a different psychological route. He had no new strategic riddles to pull out of his hat—nothing new that might give his boys a lift. Indeed, he was sure that his problem was to bring them down from the happy heights, mentally, that they seemed to have been in ever since they had beaten Kansas. It was an attitude perhaps best summed up by State's star shot and playmaker, 5-foot-10 Gary Thompson, who said, "Why should we worry about this Kansas game? They're supposed to win."

Without even a dream to fall back on (Lamon tried hard but learned what Freud taught, that dreams arise in the subconscious and can't be forced) Strannigan had only one card to play. He brought along the films of the State-Kansas game that State had barely won, and a few hours before game time he herded his boys into a Field House projection room and ran them off, with the harvest of critical comment. There for Thompson, Medsker, et al. to see was clear proof of how tough it really was to beat Kansas. They trooped out considerably sobered.

And so, at the jump-off, the two real contestants in this game—Harp and Strannigan—sat back on their benches, both literally relying more on their abilities as psychologists than as basketball strategists. As he usually does, Harp sat frozen through most of the game, only occasionally breaking his silent suffering to whisper a comment to the player nearest him. Strannigan lived up to the limit of his trigger-happy temperament rather than the dark, conservative suit he wore. Never still, he kept up a running fire of instructions which he must have known could not be heard by his men over the din of 17,000 partisans Kansas and the valiant efforts of Iowa hitchhikers Henneman and Westman: "Put Gary in the post. . . . Move the ball. . . . Watch the baseline, John. . . ."

What they saw in the first half sent Harp into the locker room wondering if his boys—and Chamberlain, in particular—had been listening to anything he had said during the past two weeks. The score was State 38, Kansas 31; twice State had led by as much as 11 points. Even more important, Chamberlain was still not moving; State's double-teaming of him had held him to four points. Harp's one spark of hope lay in the fact that the rest of the team might really be trying somewhat more than usual; they had taken 37 shots to State's 24, most of them reasonable tries. But their percentage was 27 to State's 36.

Strannigan could not have failed to be pleased that his once-tried strategy against Chamberlain was working again and that his boys had taken those fires to heart and were deadly serious. In addition, Thompson was shooting beautifully off screens, getting the ball away for a half-time high of 13 points despite brilliant close guarding by Kansas' Maurice King. Finally, the zone press—a bush league tactic, really—that had disconnected Kansas previously was having the same effect again. In this, instead



**GALVANIZED GIANT**, Wilt Chamberlain, goes two feet off floor to dwarf all other players and sails forward to dunk the ball.

of falling back when Kansas put the ball in play after a State basket. State kept four men over the center line in a loose box formation. The purpose was to slow Kansas down, cripple a fast break upcourt that would set up Chamberlain, and even try to intercept the ball before Kansas could get under way. Thompson himself accomplished this last feat three times.

There was only one ominous note for Strannigan to consider: his team had built up a total of 11 personal fouls. Meibaker, key man in the pinch on Chamberlain, had three. Two more and he would be lost to State.

Seconds after play resumed, it was apparent that Harp's fortnight of cajoling had finally paid off—on all counts. Kansas was threading its way through the press exactly as Harp had patiently drilled them, getting the ball upcourt fast, where—surprise—Chamberlain began to move. Sliding off his normal post, he would pull two and sometimes three men with him. This forced State to give King jobs of shooting from in the opposite corner, and Loneski room underneath. Temporarily surprised, State soon found the score tied, and then began 10 full minutes of the most nerve-tangling type of basketball possible: two well-matched teams playing their very best.

For State refused to collapse in the face of the Kansas surge. They would lose a one-point lead and get it back. Thompson, scrambling and taking, dribbling back and forth at the top of the key, would somehow get a split second ahead of his man and find that extra inch of room he needs to get off his jump. And he kept on hitting, finishing with 22, high for the game.

The suspense might have kept on indefinitely, with a final shot deciding it, if State's two big men—Meibaker and Krochenski—had not fouled out with a full seven minutes to go. Kansas took swift advantage of this by feeding the ball to Chamberlain repeatedly. But Wilt had already begun to show what he could do. He eluded the clamp on him and drove, he drew 20 foul shots, he grabbed 24 rebounds (more than twice that of any State player), he blocked easy State layups and scored away many more. He finished with 19 points, only fair for him, but for the first time he really played all-out.

Despite Wilt's ankerling and the loss of State's two big men, Kansas was leading by only two points with less than three minutes to play. Close to the two-minute mark, State had a last chance to pull up. Thompson, fittingly enough, had possession of the ball and was beginning his usually patient maneuvering for position.

Then came the moment when Strannigan lost the psychological battle. For some reason even he may never be able to explain, Thompson lost his head, took an incredibly bad shot. He missed, and the shocked State team lost its poise all at once.

The last two minutes of the game must have seemed an eternity to Strannigan. The tattered remains of his beautifully cohesive unit still out on the floor were playing some kind of a game out there—possibly potay—but it wasn't basketball. The buzzer mercifully put an end to Strannigan's suffering with the score—Kansas 75, State 61.

The 17,000 who crowded the First House in Lawrence, Kan. (pop. including students: approximately 32,000)—yes, even Hosenfeld and Wiseman—were lucky people indeed. They had seen, said a tired but proud Dick Harp, "the finest game our boys have played all year"—and possibly the finest game of the college season. (CHS)



**BLUE-EYED PYGMY** (bottom) State's Dick Meibaker (left) and Chuck Young (right) Thompson (20) (center) Kansas' Wilt Chamberlain (right)

## JUNE IN JANUARY

That's Rio de Janeiro, where bikinis dot the beaches now and the spirit of Carnival is in the foggy air

**F**LYING DOWN TO Rio, an early discovery of these two explorers, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, seems a particularly agreeable idea at this season of the year, now that the full flush of summer has come to the upside-down lands below the Equator. (I have often wondered if romantic tensions down there don't sing, "It's January in June because I'm in love.")

Copacabana Beach, which stretches across a considerable expanse of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED this week, stretches as well along a considerable length of the south Atlantic. Bikinied brasileiras hike upon it, carioca children fly kites with fluttering wings above it, athletic types water-ski along its fringes and the phoosie-phoo of the volleyball sound from dawn to dusk the year around. Its bordering boulevard is embellished with a swirly mosaic sidewalk, and behind that is a cliffside of white buildings hung with terraces that offer distant dreamy panoramas that seem to stretch clear to South-West Africa on the far side of Capricorn.

Although this magnificent façade along the seaside Avenida Atlântica is rather reminiscent of the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, relatively few of these white ramblers are hotels. By far the most elegant is the Copacabana Palace, fringed, like a circulatory in Cannes, across the road from the sand and the sea. Its nights are filled with frilly entertainment imported from the velvety supper clubs in the U.S., and by day its terrace suites overlook the pool and a patio of apricot trees and red awnings supported by arms of polished brass. Dinner for one will cost about \$10 in its *Salão de Jantar*, where you can come by *prato à la carte* *à la carte* *à la carte*; *prato à la carte*, a loosely packed chopped meat muddled with rice; or an ice cream soda. The rate for both meals and rooms will be less at the Kurehior, which is just as modern if more modest.

The local language being Portuguese, and English not nearly as much practiced as it is along the Cribetina, it might be handy to know that while corn flakes are corn flakes, puffed wheat is *doce de leite*, the favorite beer is *Chopp*, chicken is *frango* and turkey, bless me, is *povo*.

With that amount of Berlitz under the belt, one might be easily dispatched to Sacha's, a small and smoky caddy box on the beach which sports 32 Monaco stripes, atmosphere, prices and continuous boom-chick music. With both minimum and cover charge included (most Rio clubs charge both) dinner would come to about \$6 with tip. Drinks are nearly \$2 each. For pure local color you might thread your way for lunch to the Albu Mar at 184-186 Mercado Municipal, an address that will take you to the markets overlooking the harbor. A two-man elevator will lift you to the premises, where the view gives on to the heaving ferryboats and to the planes zooming into the domestic Aeroporto Santos Dumont.

I might add at this point that the downtown area is separated from the Copacabana, or resort section, by six miles and a number of hills, each of which is crowned, like

all the 200 hills of Rio, by a thicket of shanties and a communal samba school. The hills blocking the route to the beach have been bored with shiny tunnels, and taxis will make the long excursion for the equivalent of 50¢. Cabs and cars negotiate the boulevards as if it were Memorial Day in Indianapolis, and a pedestrian who gets hit is sued by the driver.

Anyone who would feel under aboard a streetcar (local expression: *bonde*) will find the ride slow, dependable and cheap. For 2¼¢ a trip you can ride an open trolley in the middle of Rio's winter (July), or ride that other Rio oddity, a streetcar named Meyer. Trolley cars travel both to Sugar Leaf and Corcovado. Rio's two prime tourist sights. From the trolley stop it takes two cable cars to get to Sugar Leaf and a cog railway to reach Corcovado.

Corcovado and its crowning statue of Christ the Redeemer can be seen from the stands of the Jockey Club, an elegant racetrack that was built in 1926 to replace the first one, which was established in 1879. Although you need a tie to get in, you can bet as little as 30 cruzeiros (30¢). You can bet *corcovado* (win or place), but there are no show bets and, indeed, sometimes place bets are not paid. If the racing pales there is always the view, a magnificent vista not only of Corcovado on the extreme left but of the hills—the Hill of Longing For, the Hill of the Kid Ghosts, the Hill of the Reiter's Cove and, in front of them, the still waters of the Freitas Lagoon. From a moderately grandstand of their own, 20,000 seething enthusiasts can watch races on the lagoon. Some skulls are raved under floodlights at night.

But by far the biggest house count in Rio is racked up at the Estádio de Maracanã, built in 1950 for the international football tournament. It can offer seats to 150,000 rabid Rio partisans, and there is room for another 50,000 to stand in the armway between the last row seat and the beginning of the moat. The moat is a trench adapted from the constructors of castles to prevent the frenzied fan, spurred by temperament or tipping—there are 54 bars in the stadium—from invading the field.

Besides Brazil nuts, seated, standing or edible, the vast land also grows a variety of stones, notably aquamarines. A good (but not top) grade 12-karat aquamarine a half inch square might cost \$150, but if you are dissatisfied after arriving home the gems can be returned to contacts in the States. The Brazilian gem merchants are only too happy to have the stones imported for them duty-free. At any rate, aquamarines and various other kinds of sparklers can be made up in splendid rings; and as earrings they work out as rather an attractive way of having rocks in your head.

HUGH SETTON

WATER ANKERS: Lufas (left), A/B, and Lucie Cretineau skirt the powder from stirred up by rascals off Copacabana Beach.







SAILBOATS, like beach-front apartments and Corcovado peak (center), are indispensable to Rio's scenery. These Star boats from late Clube are cruising Copacabana waters.

BEACH SPORTS LIKE FRESCO BALL, BEHIND TOP-SWIMMING, IN POPULARITY AT COPACABANA DESPITE THE HE-HEMERS





SEBETÓVARDS, a range of rough Atlantic waves, attract only the hardiest of swimmers. Jim Clark (center), Pan-American pilot, introduced long U.S. style board to rigors.

FROM THE BEACH OF RIO ANDRÉS, AN ALL-BOY BEACH IN A MILE OF MISERABLE AND DENSE BOULLEVARDS, BOYS





**VOLLEYBALL** set finds open space for game on the fine whited sand at Ipanema beach, just three miles to the south of crowded Copacabana area.



**SPEARFISHING** for sardines is popular down Italian Film Actress Elna Porcello meets some instructors on the handling of her spear gun.



**SWINGING** in the shade of a Brazilian almond tree in the sandy backyard of Rio, a youngster takes an upside-down look at Copacabana Bay.

# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

PRINCE CHARLES STRIKES A BLOW FOR BOXING • SLIDE,

EMMETT, SLIDE • BASEBALL TRANSLATED • JOEY MAXIM

AS A VOICE OF EXPERIENCE • THE PUBLIC AND THE PARKS

## SPORT OF FUTURE KINGS

THE legislature of Iceland, by unanimous vote, has outlawed boxing—no bouts, no exhibitions, no training. This is not necessarily a death blow to the ancient sport—except, of course, in Iceland—but it is certainly a straw in a rising wind. Norway's Director of Public Health wants to ban it too. And in Italy, the Archbishop of Turin has denounced it as "inhuman, uncivilized, and . . . lethal." The editors of *Sports Illustrated* like boxing and disagree with all these gentlemen. They were happy to see that in London last week one small fat was raised in defense of the sport. It belonged to the 8-year-old Duke of Cornwall, who is better known as Prince Charles, the son and heir of the Queen of England.

Young Charles was a brand-new schoolboy, the first heir to the throne ever to attend grade school in an ordinary classroom. London papers were covering the historic occasion in depth, with full descriptions of the school (a private one, with 102 pupils), a list of Charles's activities and a bedtime interview with the headmaster.

"I do not believe in boxing for small boys," the headmaster said, in discussing the school's sports program. "Nine out of 10 don't like it. We don't do it at this age. As an amateur sport it is practically dead. We do not need that sort of toughness."

The reporters wrote it all down, and the papers printed it. While the public read it next day, Benny Prince Charles, playing soccer with his classmates, fell into disagreement with one of them and came to blows (see page 24). A cameraman with a telephoto lens recorded the royal battle, which was short, awkward and decisive. Charles won. In doing so he seemed to have

set his small but royal veto on the opinions of the headmaster, the Norwegian Director of Public Health, the Archbishop of Turin and the legislature of Iceland.

## ADD ONE BUN

WHEN the public address organ strikes up *Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?* next spring and a little clown strolls out of the Brooklyn dug-out, a cycle will have been completed. Everything will have happened at Ebbets Field, where everything is supposed to happen. The Dodgers last week signed Emmett Kelly, one of the greatest pantomime artists of his time, "to relieve some of the tension at Ebbets Field."

It won't be easy. Suppose the day is sunny and Brooklyn fans are happy

because Sal Maglie is working, and the Giants belt him out in the first inning. What does Emmett Kelly do to make them laugh? Say Duke Snider strikes out with the bases loaded in the ninth. How does Kelly send the tense residents of the borough home untroubled? Just by cracking a peanut with a sledge hammer?

No doubt, Emmett Kelly, who is a thoughtful man, had thought about this problem before he ever signed up with Brooklyn. In his book *Clares*, Kelly writes: "I must suit the action to the mood and to the makeup and everyone of these is exaggerated." Well, the mood of Dodger fans depends mainly on the current state of the team—and when Big Newk is rocking along on a six-run lead and Pee Wee Reese is covering ground like a 20-year-old and the

*continued on next page*

## CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

### • Caliente's Future Post?

The Post Office Department took a swing at the Caliente Future Book (features on Kentucky Derby, etc.), announced that Caliente-bound mail will be intercepted, marked "insubstantial," returned to letters. Caliente owners plan test case.

### • Mickey on the Line

Four days after being advised by Dan Topping, president of the world champions, to "go ahead and get it from 'em—they deserve it," Mickey Mantle signed with the New York Yankees for a figure close to the \$80,000 he was asking.

### • Coaster-revolution

After two years of watching *Finisierre* (31, June 13) mop up ocean races, the Cruising Club of America has revised its rating rules to give stiffer time handicaps to centerboarders. Other crack centerboard yachts which will suffer from new ratings: Richard Nye's *Carina*, Colin Mearns's *Galliotrop*, William Smith's *Flyers III* and the newly sold *Tips*.

### • King Gets in the Swim

King David, who took basketball back to Saudi Arabia after 1947 visit to the U.S. and built a court for his sons (31, March 7, 1965), now shows similar interest in swimming. After watching Navy's basketball team defeat Duke 71-69, the king inspected the Naval Academy's swimming pool and was impressed enough to order photographs and architectural drawings.

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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patrons of Kibitzers are tense with pleasure, do they really want to be untensed?

It's pretty clear, in short, that Kelly, in moving up from the big tent to the big leagues at 48, can be facing something like an ultimate challenge to his art. The puffy nose, the ragged clothes and the flapping shoes will be appropriate dress in the home of the Burns, of course. And when Kelly moves into the spotlight—the very same spotlight he chased so unsuccessfully for so many years with a broom—Brooklyn should adopt him like a son. After all, the Dodgers aren't getting any younger and may be facing an ultimate challenge to their art, too, this season. The betting here is that Brooklyn fans will soon be assuring each other that Kelly, like the other Burns, will come up with something.

### COED AFTERTHOUGHTS

THE classic question, "If you had it to do over again, would you . . . ?" has been asked about almost every human activity from childbearing to grave digging. It is possible, though, that until recently nobody had thought to ask women college graduates if they would take the same physical education course over again, given a second chance. Now Dr. Margaret Fox, of the State University of Iowa, has put the question to 1946 and 1960 graduates of 18 midwestern schools and has got



back their answers. Dr. Fox reports them in the *Journal of Health, Physical Education, and Recreation*.

What sports did most of the ladies take up in physical education classes in college? Basketball and volleyball. What sports do they pass up now out of simple lack of interest? Among others, basketball and volleyball. What sports do they wish they'd had more of in college? Chiefly, golf and swimming. Why? Well, it seems to boil down to the fact that husbands like golf and kids like swimming—and women like to take part in the family fun.

### SURPRISE YOUR FRIENDS

Incredible as it may be, there are still millions of Americans who don't understand Baseball, and who never see or

have seen Baseball played. . . . Many in this underprivileged minority are women.

The words above appear in *Baseball Made Plain*, a booklet ordered by Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick, written by a team of public relations men and designed to enlighten U.S. women—that great, underprivileged minority who now outnumber U.S. men by about four million. The hope is, of course, that the ladies, once enlightened, will turn into paying customers in numbers never yet encountered in a ball park.

Sure, Baseball is complex. But so is driving a car or baking a cake. . . .

At the moment Mr. Frick's primer for women is no more than a sheaf of mimeographed pages and a few diagrams, and everything is subject to revision. But in all its first-draft innocence, *Baseball Made Plain* is clearly a work that will help anyone who never played baseball as a boy simply because she was a girl. It is written in short words and simple sentences, and it starts from absolute zero. After pointing out the object of the game, defining a run, distinguishing between offense and defense, and explaining what innings are, the book undertakes to answer the perplexing question of What They're Trying To Do:

The man with the bat goes to "at bat." He stands next to a roughly square thing in the ground called a plate. He faces toward an opposing player called the pitcher. . . .

Here the occasional male reader, tensed for that first pitch, will subside into nail-biting frustration. For the windup never comes. Instead there is a measured, careful explanation of what and where the strike zone is, of how an umpire functions, of "fouls" and "balls" and "walks," all nicely garnished with quotation marks. This goes on for two pages before Madam is sufficiently well informed to be able to turn again to action:

Now suppose on the other hand that in making one of those lasty swings he oversteers and hits the ball into fair territory?

Well, this opens up a number of possibilities. But now the authors themselves seem to be caught up in the excitement of baseball. They whip out a few explanatory sentences with what almost seems to be impatience and get back to the game:

. . . the batter runs like mad to first base while the enemy players try to throw the ball to first before he can get there. Why?

Then there is another slump for the

gentlemen, while the ladies are learning Why.

*Baseball Made Plain* is only 19 pages long but, even so, it is divided into chapters. The tone of the work is patient, courteous and clear. And, printer writes or no, the authors plunge to some surprising depths:

A triple play . . . happens rarely and goes much more over pretty hard



about it now. However, if you're the working type, here's one way it could happen. . . .

In just a few weeks now, *Baseball Made Plain* should be available (in paper covers) to the women of the country, especially to those in major league cities, where the clubs will have a hand in distribution. If things work out as the authors hope, a strong soprano note will be added to the baritone roar heard in the stadiums this year.

There will be some interesting side effects, too. One of them, unsettling to contemplate, is suggested in the book:

Next time there's a baseball conversation with your man, surprise your girlfriend by dropping a few baseball terms into the conversational eddy.

### YARDSTICK

SINCE he is the only man who has fought both Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson and California's tough young contender, Eddie Machen, black-browed old Joey Maxim is currently being regarded as a sort of gauge or yardstick, or, one might even say, punchometer, by those in the trade who feel that these two young men will inevitably be pitted against each other. A good deal of significance is given the fact that Joey won a decision over Patterson 2 years 8 months ago at Brooklyn's Eastern Parkway Arena, and not only lost to Machen last month at Miami Beach but was knocked down by a very impressive right to the jaw in the process. Despite this indignity to his person, however, Joey feels that Patterson would win if the fight were held in the next few months.

This does not mean that Joey didn't give Machen good marks—and himself, too, for that matter—as he discussed the question at his new home in North Miami. Joey was in a mood of definite self-congratulation, partly

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*"I don't care what it costs, I'll see this through."*

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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because he left his old stamping ground in South Euclid, Ohio three months ago to take up residence in Florida, and partly because he felt he had given his new neighbors a performance worthy of their applause in the affair with Machen.

"It's probably amazing up there," he said luxuriously. "New look at this weather. I got this house and I'm gonna have a swimming pool—they're starting next week. I've got a job selling caviar with Ben McGahey—he's an old friend of mine talked me into coming down here. And the people here—they're wonderful. I never hurt nobody in my whole life; never did nobody a bad turn. I've lived clean. I've been a fighter since I'm 13 years old, been a pro 17 years, fought 11 world champions. And wadda they say up there? They say, 'Who's that bum?' But down here it's different. Everybody says 'Hello, Joey. How are ya, Joey? Nice fight, Joey.'"

As for the recent contest, Joey, who is now 35 and was definitely plump when he entered the ring, felt that he had given an artful performance. He was no puncher, as he happily admits, even when he was light heavyweight champion, and he had nothing but skill, old memories and a stout heart to use against his ferocious young opponent. "But I boxed good, I boxed good," he said gleefully. "The left was never better. Wadda they mean I wasn't in shape? I was heavy all right—192—but I trained sincerely for that fight for two months. I was in shape. But I got nailed in the ninth—oof, the right. I hurt my knee coming down and signaled to my corner. Oh boy, I couldn't walk the next day. But I got up. I boxed good. There's no coyote in Joey."

As for Machen: "He's strong. He's young. He's fast. That boy's all muscles from his toes to his head. Punch for punch he can hit harder than Patterson. But Floyd was only 168 pounds when I fought him. Now he's bigger. I'll tell ya something. I bet on Moore against Patterson. I thought he was five to one. I laid even to five. Only fight I ever bet on. I couldn't believe it when he lost. Against Machen, I'd say Floyd, Floyd's young too, and he's a natural born fighter, and he moves perfect. He can fight inside, and Machen just thumps at ya, Floyd's a good fighter—you know, dead pan—he don't show you when he's hurt. Of course we've got a fellow down here can

maybe beat both these fellows, this Willie Pastrana. He's young and fast too."

"But Joey," he was asked gently, "can Pastrana hit?"

"Hit!" cried Joey, indignantly. "I never could hit neither."

### "WHEN DO YOU FEED THEM?"

THE football banquet season is on the wane, and the old familiar games told on the circuit (31, Jan. 23) are now being packed away in cumphar till next year. A SPORTS ILLUSTRATED correspondent in Omaha, however, last week came happily upon another active department of anecdote when the superintendents of 34 U.S. national parks arrived in town. Between plans and procedure meetings (the National Park Service is getting set for an increasing push of citizens into the great outdoors—up to an estimated 80 million a year by 1965) the superintendents regaled each other with these tales:

A RANGER at one of the parks, answering a knock, found a woman at the door. "Do you have a cotterpin I can borrow?" she asked.

"Why, yes," the ranger said and added: "Don't you have a cotterpin?"

"Oh yes," the woman replied, "but we're going to build a cumphar and I don't want to get mine all sooty."

FOOTING their terrain is mostly up and down, most parks have signs saying "For second gear," "Hill" and the like.

One woman, standing beside a sign warning of "Guttschuck," halted a ranger.



### PARDON MY GLOVE

There's not a chance  
They'll throw round leather;  
They've found their dance.  
So well together.

F. E. WARREN

"I've never seen a cotterpin," she said. "But do you own them?"

At Wild Cave National Park a ranger lectures visitors on the subterranean cave system and explains that the park has lost eight to 12 million of its phreatic passages. It is inevitably asked: "How many national subphreatic passages?"

Reveries are generally considered government property, and so are their effects. A ranger was eating breakfast when a stranger walked in without knocking.

"Good morning," the ranger said with some irony. "Won't you have breakfast?"

"Don't mind if I do," the stranger said. The ranger served bacon and eggs. The stranger ate them.

"Thanks," he said and walked out.

Meat rouse have telephone lines through them, tapped by telephones at intervals. Every so often a visitor will lift the receiver, reach the ranger and demand: "Where am I?"

But the general favorite of the superintendents was still the group of tourists who were stopped by rangers while hugging a log of powdered soap toward Old Faithful geyser; the group was generally miffed by the interruption—they had only wanted to watch Old F. blow soap bubbles.

### TAKE ME OUT TO THE RINK

HOCKEY can't thrive in the South—everybody knows that. Wise men knew that it was only an act of accommodation, just a year ago, when Charlotte, N.C. agreed to offer a new home to the Baltimore Clippers, who had just been turned out of their old rink back home. Well, the news is that the Charlotte Clippers are now a year old, and last week they celebrated their anniversary before 7,210 loyal fans in the Charlotte Coliseum with a 6-4 victory over the New Haven Blades. They sliced a 47-pound cake in mid-ice and contemplated with vast satisfaction a home town draw of 92,000 over 21 games.

It is true that, thanks to a building program that began in Baltimore, the Charlotte Clippers now have the best hockey team in the Eastern League. It is also true that Charlotte's new coliseum furnishes one of the most agreeable places on the circuit for watching hockey. But hockey economists still have a startled look in their eyes as they study the old hockey-wasn't-go-to-the-South axiom in the light of those 92,000 fans turning up for 21 games—and the 15,000 fans who turned out to watch Charlotte's minor-league baseball team in 70 games last season.





BOLD RULER, WITH ERIC UP, BEATS (FROM RIGHT) GIN, BURE, FEDERAL HILL AND GALLANT MAN

## THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

# BLOOD TELLS AGAIN

Remember Nashua and Swaps? Well, last week their Thoroughbred 'half brothers,' just turned 3, were running on separate roads both signposted Louisville and the Derby. At Hialeah, Bold Ruler (left), like Nashua a son of Nasrullah, outran some of the best 3-year-olds in Florida in the Bahamas Stakes. At Santa Anita, Prince Khalid (below), like Swaps a son of Nhalid, proved himself the hope of the West



PRINCE KHALID, WITH EDDIE ARCADE UP, GALLOPS TO 3/4-LENGTH VICTORY IN 1 1/4-MILE CALIFORNIA CHAMPION BREEDERS' STAKES

# THE EDUCATION OF A PRINCE

The bringing up of Prince Charles, 8-year-old heir to the British throne, took an unprecedented turn last week when he enrolled in a London pre-prep school. After studies the

Prince and his classmates, by immemorial tradition, were turned out onto the playing fields, soon were involved in immemorial fistkuffs. Charles acquitted himself royally



FIRST DAY, A BOMBY ANGEL



ON SECOND DAY, CHARLES (CENTER, BEHIND BALL) GETS BRIEFED ON RULES BY HEADMASTER (FOURTH)



CHARLES, WHO PLAYED OUTSIDE NIGHT, PURSUES BALL WHICH HAS ELUDED OPPONENT



PRINCE SHOWS OFF DRIBBLING TO TEAMMATE



HEADMASTER LORRY ON ADMIRINGLY AS PRINCE KEEPS HIS EYE ON THE BALL AND DISPLAYS FINE FOLLOW-THROUGH ON MID-FIELD BOSS.



CHARLES ORSHTY ENTERS A CROUCHING MATCH.



THE PRINCE PARADES A RIGHT HOOK WITH HICELBOW.



AND LUNGES FOR WRESTLING HOLD.

# SPORT: MIRROR OF A

**FAST DROMEDARIES**, bred for speed and long the backbone of premotorized desert savagery, got racing out over four-furlong course in Aden, southwest tip of Arabian peninsula. Well-bred dromedaries can outleg Thoroughbreds over short sprints as well as outlast them on patrol.



**DISMOUNTING** from bushy pony, Egyptian polo player is proffered a soft drink by a Neblan servant at the Gezira Sporting Club outside Cairo. The most ancient of wheel-and-hall games, polo originated in Persia and spread eastward throughout the Orient.

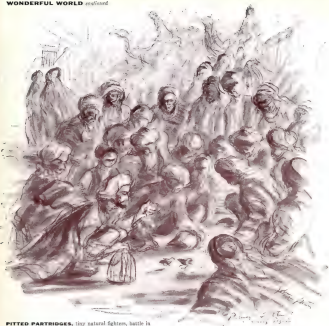
# PEOPLE

The Near East, now the center of the world's political concern, is also the setting of ancient and revelatory pastimes, sketched by Artist John Groth on a recent trip



**STICK-WIELDING** Yemeni (formerly "at war" with Britain) fight at a desert encampment on the border of Saudi Arabia. The sport is a relatively harmless parody of Eastern warrior duels. The contestants parry the blows with hard shields and wear heavy felt gloves to protect the "sword" arm. A touch on the body is scored as a "wound."





**PITTED PARTRIDGES**, tiny natural fighters, battle in a cocking-mats before Afghans in a Kunduz bazaar. For lack of gamecocks, Near East tribesmen have been matching quail and partridge in such tests for more than 2,000 years.

**NUBIAN BOYS** race their "water bags" across the Nile from Elephantine Island to Aswan, near the site of Nasser's projected dam. The boats are made of old barrels and fluted oil tins and are propelled by hand or tin-can paddles.



**WHIPPING GAME**, a small boys' trial of manliness, was noted often by Groth in Syria, Lebanon and Iraq, but he was never able to figure out how the winner was determined.



**STOOPING FALCONS** and worrying dog-pursue gazelle in Kuwait desert. The birds are fed from the eye sockets of a calf's head to train them to strike at the quarry's eyes. In their swift descent they are often impaled on the horns.



**PROUD KUWAIT SHEIK** bears his fanner falcon on his right hand (Western hawkets carry with the left) to a bustard hunt in the tiny, oil-rich principality on the Persian Gulf. Despite its decline in the West, falconry has been a thriving, continuous pursuit in the Near East since 800 B.C.



**SHOTGUNS BLASTING.** Qashgai tribesmen gallop beneath a rain of plummeting partridges in the mountainous Irans province of Fars. A bellicose, nomadic people, the Qashgai hunt without dogs, raising the coveys by riding upon them until they rise.



**DEAD-HEAT FINISH** of the U.S. Olympic trials 118-meter high hurdles final last June at Los Angeles between Lee Calhoun and Jack Davis is clearly shown by Cisetimer. In this race Cisetimer clocked the two winners in 13.5 seconds. The official timer, after the customary roundabout, arrived at a verdict of 13.8.

## THE ANSWER TO 'WHO WON?'

At the Millrose Games a new photographic device is expected to take the guesswork out of racing

AT THE MILLROSE GAMES in Madison Square Garden Saturday night spectators will note a substantial difference in the quality of illumination filtering through the cigar smoke in that crowded, cluttered hall. The lights will be turned up as high as the Garden's staff can swell them, and there also will be a 5,000-watt lamp at the finish line. It will shine with enough brilliance either to blind or to open the eyes of the race-end judges, a group of men not known in the track world for their infallible vision (see "Who Wee?", *SI*, Feb. 4). Actually, the extra wattage is not for the benefit of the judges, but to permit operation of a device which its maker, the Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., maintains will settle, once and for all, the question of which man won the race. This device is the Longines Cisetimer. The Millrose marks its first use at an indoor track event, and the elaborate and costly mechanism (at present there is only one in the U.S.) has to have sufficient light to take photographs at 160 frames per second to be of maximum use to the officials. At only 26 frames, the Cisetimer might show the exact finish, as in the strip at the left, but it also conceivably could catch the runners a foot before and a foot after the finish. At 160 frames this danger is negligible.

The Cisetimer not only photographs the end of the race, but its film also shows the face of a quartz clock, activated electronically by the trigger of the starter's pistol. Although this watch has kept absolute precision time in a 24-hour observatory test, its timing will not be counted as official; the timers with their stop watches will still arbitrate that question.

Acclimation usually is required. For example, at an event in California last year three timers got three different results, all several 18ths of a second apart. Instead of averaging these discrepancies, they took the lowest time because it gave the track a new record. At another California meet a different group of timers started their watches by the sound of the pistol rather than the visible flash and clocked a speed .4 second faster than the Cisetimer. Sometimes—left: the timer's verdict has been slower than the machine.

Even though its timer is disregarded, Cisetimer film strips will decide beyond question the precise order of finish of every contestant in the sprint events—and that is a major advance. The camera is a 16-mm Bolex, which can be synchronized to run 26, 50 or 160 frames per second. It furnishes a strip of film that can be processed for viewing within 65 seconds. At present, it takes four technicians and half a dozen assistants to operate the Cisetimer and costs the Longines company about \$250 for each event—a gesture on the part of the company that presumably will pay off if and when track officials and fans rebel against the present imprecise methods.

LEW



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solace, turn the label proudly &  
name the ingredients. And then  
consider this: Do you know of  
any other beer that does?

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**HEART-TO-HEART SHIRTS**

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# IRON ON THE SANDS

Daytona's Speed Weeks get better than  
ever as Detroit and sports cars move in

by DONALD MACDONALD

THE SHOWCASE of stock car racing, a major American sport which in past years has been conducted rather haphazardly on a thousand back-water race tracks all over the country, is Daytona Beach, Fla. There, on the wonderfully smooth sand that slopes gently into the Atlantic, the sport annually has its biggest ball. The big show for 1957 is going on right now—with several new attractions added—and it will not end until Feb. 17. It is bigger than ever before.

There was a time when NASCAR (the National Association for Stock Cars, Inc.), the most powerful of a coast-to-coast scattering of stock car organizations, was content to run its Daytona outburst "Speed Week." But now, in the eighth year, the beach events are heralded attentively as the International Safety and Performance Trials. There are now two weeks of competition instead of one, and if speed is missing from the show, the close scrutiny of congressional safety inspectors, it will emphatically not be missing at the beach.

The increasing importance of Daytona's speed races comes primarily from the participation of Detroit. Although speaking softly when it comes to speed, the automobile industry is still wielding a big stick in the horsepower race. And there is probably no place in the United States where speed and performance can be better tested in view of automobile expectations than Daytona.

One year Detroit has moved down to the beach in force. The critical days for the industry will be next Tuesday and Wednesday, when new classes

*continued on next page*



**ESSENCE OF DAYTONA** is emphatically pictured in this configuration of a flagman, car, sand and ocean.

continued from page 28

of 1957 passenger cars, grouped according to engine size, will compete for top speed and acceleration honors (and, inevitably, the accruing advertising plans).

Also to be seen in the beach trials will be sports cars—even a Grand Prix car or two. The family sedan, too, can mix with the pros to see how fast it can go. The fee is a \$15 NASCAR membership.

Sunday will bring something entirely new—a sports car trophy race on the nearby New Smyrna Beach airport course, in which professional stock car drivers will meet with the amateurs in both conventional and hybrid cars. The best men of both circuits will be there, among them Curtis Turner, the gifted professional, in a souped-up and souped-up Thunderbird, and Carroll Shelby, this year's hottest road racer, in a Ferrari.

Back at Daytona, the fortnight will end with three stock races on the 4.1-mile beach and road oval: jolopies (\$20 juniors with \$1,000 engines) on Friday, late-model convertibles on Saturday, and late-model sedans on Sunday. Sports Illustrated trophies will go to the late-model race winners.

Nearly everybody will have something to crow about, and nearly everybody can participate—facts that give a large, 47-year-old ex-gasoline station proprietor named William Henry Getty France great satisfaction. That stock car racing today is a complex and controversial sport—widely misunderstood except in its obvious public aspects—is due partly to Detroit's distaste for open hot-rodding, partly to the average sportswriter's lack of mechanical knowledge, but most of all to the character of Big Bill France.

France wears several hats in the complex organizational setup of NASCAR, but he is without question *The Boss*. A hearty, convivial and determinedly ambitious man who occasionally croons hillbilly ballads in his rare moments of relaxation, he conducts much of his business by telephone. When long distance fails, he calls a conference and pilots his twin-engine airplane to it.

There follows, then, a typical France meeting: a smoke-wreathed hotel room crowded with race promoters, drivers, perhaps a few Detroit men, a waiter serving whiskey and chicken sandwiches. The meeting's business is conducted in fits and starts, when France is away from the phone.



**BILL FRANCE** leads NASCAR, slalike-belted from bush operation to major sport.

No one has been able to find order in his methods, but France undeniably gets things done. His refusal to delegate real authority, however, can sometimes breed chaos from the simplest situation. Incensed NASCAR Driving Champion Red Byron recalls one in particular; it was in 1946 when France drove in many races that he also promoted. In a Daytona race that year he awaited the start in third position. As an official, he ordered a motorcycleist with an unmuffled machine to tear the track and clear it of spectators. Then, eager for action, he promptly forgot his messenger and signaled for the race to begin. The race pack, with Byron leading, thundered out of the northwest turn, hearing down on the motorcycleist at 110 mph. Unable to hear his pursuers over the noise of his engine, the hapless track-clearer rode on. He realized what was happening when the leaders managed to bypass him; then, in a panic, he flipped the motorcycle into a barb-tipped palmetto bush.

#### A CORTLY CRANKSHAFT

Bill France started NASCAR in 1947 as a business convenience, having taken up stock car racing because neither he nor his friends could afford purchased Offenhauser single-seaters for which a crankshaft alone cost \$5,000. The stock cars of those early postwar years were survivors of the war and rationing. Rapeseed-oil Gralamus, V-8 Fords and the durable "stovebolt" Chevies were particular favorites—but who was to determine what was stock about a car that started its racing career after 100,000 miles of civilian service? (How "stock" a stock car is remains an agonizing question, as we shall presently see.) Accident insurance, too, was prohibitively expensive.

Today France is at home in the De-



**CARL KIEKHAEFER**, money patrol of stock car racing, threatened a boycott.

troit Athletic Club and can mix a fine dry Martini with complete aplomb, but in 1947 his qualifications included neither smoothness nor fame. When he proposed to the nagast contest board of the American Automobile Association that he create a hush league of stock car racing from which drivers could graduate into what the board considered "real" race car competition, in return for AAA sanction and group insurance, the AAA coldly refused.

The AAA may or may not have regretted its rejection. In any event, it later started a stock car circuit of its own, which has since passed into the hands of the United States Auto Club.

NASCAR struggled until 1949, when France, on an inspiration, created the Grand National circuit, a series of races featuring late-model stock cars bearing some resemblance to what a spectator might have in his own garage. From 87 events that year the sport caught on. Detroit was still afoot, but as Oldsmobiles and Hudsons, privately driven, shared victory after victory, their makers began using racing as an advertising prop. France insisted that his NASCAR emblem be part of every racing ad, thereby beginning an often stormy relationship with Detroit.

Since 1950 the Daytona 500 has been France's fundamental "growth" promotion involving Detroit. But two years passed before the industry sent down the first factory ariel, a DeSoto, which beat the locals in its class handily. The achievement as such was insignificant. Its real importance derived from the ensuing publicity and advertising, along with that NASCAR emblem, put out by DeSoto—and also Chevrolet, which inadvertently had won some events with a patrol car driven by the Volusia County deputy sheriff. And in 1956 no fewer than eight

males were present to cash in on their horsepower.

Meanwhile, the stock car circuit grew apace. Despite bad weather which caused the postponement or cancellation of 236 of 1,365 scheduled races, 1986 was a banner year for NASCAR. France's 7,900 licensed drivers—about half are active—shared purses totaling \$1,627,400. An estimated 16 million fans paid an average of \$2.50 each for tickets. NASCAR claims its oval trademark appeared in print nearly half a billion times.

Most of this publicity comes from the big shows like Daytona and the Southern "500" race at Darlington, S.C., which each Labor Day attracts some 65,000 spectators to a track in the middle of a cotton field that is 60 miles from the nearest big population center.

But the big races don't tell the whole story. NASCAR makes most of its money from a nationwide network of small and medium-size tracks where something is going on nearly every Saturday and Sunday night.

These quarter- and half-mile ovals are usually dirt tracks, and even from the cheapest seat the spectator can see all of the show all the time, though he seldom can tell what is happening. After 10 laps only the expert, and sometimes not even he or the official scorer, can tell who is leading. If the cars are temporarily hidden by dust, there is still the noise and the prospect of spectacular crashes. Major injuries are rare.

The quality of racing improved hugely last year, primarily because of the stronger participation of the factory teams. Unofficial delegates from Detroit, these *Asplins* by the end of 1986 began to approach the efficiency of the European masters. By far the most elaborate is that of Ford, headed

by Peter De Paolo Engineering. Fede Fede, as De Paolo is affectionately known even to his competitors, grew up in a racing family and became almost as celebrated an Indianapolis driver as his own uncle, Ralph De Palma. His big white vans marked simply "Ford" carry cars and a large supply of spare parts; his staff of married drivers, mechanics and sweepers is backed by as many factory liaison engineers and publicity men as are necessary from day to day.

#### PENCING THE CAMOUFLAGE

Ford team cars are easier to spot than most. Look for the name "South-eastern Ford Dealers" or some similar and appropriate geographical designation. Sometimes, though, De Paolo will feature a strong local dealer who has a history of racing activity. The purple Schwam Motors cars (of Charlotte, N.C.) that won and placed at Darlington last year are examples.

The surgically clean, usually red and white, Mercury team headed by Bill Stroppe, a former Lincoln man, is the easiest to recognize. It shows up only for the biggest races. Its split-second pitwork, which more than once has made up for a horsepower disadvantage, is a specialty of Stroppe's—one that helped to secure three consecutive stock car victories for Lincoln in the Pan-American Road Race.

Chevrolet's operation violates precedent but still stays on top. Three-time Indianapolis winner Mauri Rose runs it, with Betty Skelton, aviatrix and race driver, and a dozen factory engineers and administrators spending most of their time helping "independent" driver-mechanic teams which are obviously subsidized in varying degrees. Anything may be painted on the doors, but the ones that are closest to

the factory always have on the front leader the legend: "Smoke's, The Best Damn Garage in Town." Smoke's Vasek's Daytona Beach GMEC truck dealership may or may not merit this boast, but he personally is assuredly one of the best damn stock car racing mechanics in the country.

Dodge and Chrysler were fortunate or not, depending upon one's point of view, to be chosen by Carl Kiekhafer as suppliers of racing stock cars for the powerful Mercury (not the car) On-board Motors team. Kiekhafer, an engineer who rose to riches on the post-war housing boom, likes to think of himself as the last great independent. He cultivates a surface briskeness which hides a large helping of true sportsmanship. He is boycotting NASCAR at this writing because of a quarrel about one of NASCAR's controversial rules—a gesture which undoubtedly is painful to him because he is constitutionally unable to stay away.

Kiekhafer's last year's racing budget probably exceeded that of some of the factories. His drivers are on fat salaries, ranging up to \$1,500 a month, and are allowed to keep most, if not all, of their winnings. The 1986 NASCAR Grand National champion, Buck Baker, who was a Kiekhafer driver most of the time, will collect \$30,000 in race prizes plus another \$9,000 in side awards next Thursday for the year's work. This does not include the salary and expenses paid by Kiekhafer.

An important factor to the Kiekhafer type of independent is the rising cost of racing is that NASCAR now sanctions two late-model divisions—for sedans and convertibles—instead of one for sedans alone. It is normally impractical for any one team unit to compete on more than one circuit, for

*continued on next page*



**TIM FLOCK**, a smooth old pro, dominated Daytona events last year, won SE trophy.



**BOB WELBORN** won NASCAR 1986 convertible championship, late fight this year.



**BUCK BAKER**, the top Kiekhafer driver last year, won the closed car title, \$29,000.

continued from page 45

geographical and other reasons, one being the point scoring system which enabled Bob Welborn to win the 1956 convertible championship while winning just three races. Consistency is the primary consideration in the scoring; Welborn placed in well over 50 races but he piled up more points than less-active but better-known drivers.

Hidden talent in independent operations must be spread thin to encompass the circuits. But the Detroit teams will be there, in numbers, in all the important races on all the important circuits.

To complicate the picture, the USAC sanctions a stock car circuit—too large to be ignored—which, under the direction of the old Indianapolis hand, Duane Carter, controls a choice group of drivers. To most of them, stock car racing is secondary; the primary interest of the best-known centers on Indianapolis on Memorial Day. Johnny Mantz and Lee Stevens are the specialists. They finished in that order for the 1956 USAC championship. But Carter can promise his prominent names like Jimmy Bryan, Dave MacIsaac and Troy Ruttman, who via Indianapolis have achieved more fame and are therefore a bigger gate attraction than any similar group of NASCAR drivers. Not many USAC men are willing to switch to NASCAR, for they would then become "outsiders" and would lose their chance at the big cars. Until a cross-licensing agreement is worked out, which is unlikely, Detroit must campaign in two separate leagues.

The problem of regulating competition is always thorny. Before 1949 NASCAR could not get Detroit to provide mechanical specifications. After emergency event, France recalls, the winning Ford was torn down and found to have red valve springs. It was promptly disqualified because someone thought this color identified a stiffer, truck-type spring. A slower competitor whose car had green springs was declared the winner. After many words and a few blows, it was agreed that the valve springs came in five colors to indicate different sources of supply. The springs themselves were identical.

Now the problem is reversed. The technical staffs of NASCAR and USAC cannot possibly absorb all the data Detroit sends down. Just what constitutes a stock car is as problematical as ever because every factory involved builds a type of car specifically for racing. Current NASCAR rules require that these specials and the optional

equipment contained in them must be announced, be in production and be nationally advertised by Jan. 1 of a racing year. A hundred of them must be in dealers' hands by then—ensuring a nose count that has yet to be made—and the production schedule must include 1,500 during the model year.

The rules have recently been expanded to embrace advertising, which NASCAR justifiably believed was in need of a shot of truth serum. From now on the car advertised as a rare winner must (the rules say) be fully described, the description to include the



DUANE CARTER, USAC racing director, past Indianapolis experience late practice.

injection system or supercharger that helped it along. Failure to comply will invite banishment of that make from NASCAR competition for a season.

Many of the more obvious legal modifications, such as the removal of head-lights, side-panels and door windows, the bolting of doors, the installation of roll bars, the use of oversize reinforced wheels and the removal of all seats except the driver's are mandatory in the interest of safety. Other modifications within the rules are allowed for a variety of reasons. The rule stipulating, for example, is that they must be "similar" to original equipment. Any combination of seat bars and shock absorbers may be added, provided again that they are similar in appearance (if not in number) to original equipment. This, again, is virtually a necessity, for without these modifications there would be no race. The suspension of the average family sedan as it comes from the showroom would not last long on the track.

The real secret of winning, however,

lies in the exercising of a rare and careful talent. The rules emphasize that all rotating engine parts must conform to factory-specified dimensions. Actually, no mass-produced engine can be built to exact dimensions and balance; there are tolerances normally allowed in production, and, within these tolerances, for each part there is an ideal. An expert racing mechanic can put together a collection of perfectly balanced ideas that, when fired up, sings like no engine even to leave Detroit. It is dimensionally stock in every way and therefore quite legal, but the process would cost the car owner another \$3,000 beyond the \$1,000 he has already spent on other modifications. Remember, too, that to get through a racing season, he must have the original engine plus probably at least three spares.

The endless arguments and counter-arguments on modifications have developed in Bill France, perhaps, a real talent for practical diplomacy. His off-again, on-again treatment of Ford's contemplated use of a supercharger at Daytona, as a case in point, forestalled a possible industry boycott of the event. Finally, Ford kept its supercharger but was forced up in scales, and everyone was let reasonably happy.

At least the 300-hp supercharged Ford has an outside chance of beating the 375-hp Chrysler 300C in Class 7 runs on the beach. Mercury's 325-hp special will be strong. Class 6 could be won by the fast, new dark horse, the 317-hp Pontiac, in a scramble with the 280-hp Plymouth Fury and the 345-hp DeSoto Adventurer. Chevrolet should have everything its own way in Class 5.

Next weekend's races will not be a guide to the outcome of the over-all season because the beach and road course is unlike any other. The Grand National season is wide open anyway. Some experts favor the rookie, Paul Goldsmith, driving Yunkick's Chevrolet. Others like Fred's Ferrell Roberts and Oldsmobile's Lee Petty. Kinkaid is in a very large question mark. If Curtis Turner keeps his hand in, he should supplant Bob Welborn for the convertible title. Jim Reed, who has switched from Chevrolet to Ford, should win his fifth Short Track title.

Whatever happens, France must be given credit for two solid accomplishments. He has provided the incentive for a revival of the sporty machines of the Stutz Bearcat and Mercer Raceabout breed. More important, he has taken an old and dying activity, given it a solid foundation and helped to create a new major sport. **END**

# SCOREBOARD

## ... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



**John Hewitt**, barely 29, just-odd. Aussie freestyle, galloped customary vitamin pills, slipped into 30-mover pool in Brisbane, cleaned water, white as lower two world long-course records: 26.6 for 300 yards; 26.6 for 300 meters.



**Emmett Kelly**, such fan-favorite headline appearance, one curious fan many a deep-throated cheer for years, a light enough to try his luck with more-entitled Brooklyn Dodger mascot (see page 19). His photo: a. Elmer Field (transducer).

### RECORD BREAKERS

**Dave Hickets**, who played in stadium as All-American brother Dick, once with Rochester Royals for seven years, calmly ended 38 out of 10 foul shots to help Thurgood beat St. Francis of Brooklyn 71-67 at Pittsburgh, stretched consecutive streak to 40 in final, NCAA record of 15 held by Columbia's Chet Forte (Jan. 30).

**Tommy Kono**, explosive-minded, 200-pounder, 200, clean and jerked 368 for total lift of 898 at Honolulu, surpassing by three pounds world mark he set to win Olympic half-heavyweight title (Feb. 2).

**Bob Wagner** of Crystal Beach, Minn. and **Bud Wiger** of Concord, Calif., who bettered the APBA world speed records only week earlier at Lake Alfred, Fla., moved over to Lakeland for Orange Cup regatta, helped lower eight more standards (Feb. 2 and 3). Wagner made biggest haul with three 49.688 mph for Class C racing runabouts; 63.946 mph for Class C racing hydro; 28.823 mph for Class B racing hydro; while Wiger posted up two 49.648 for Class C service runabouts; 66.568 mph for Class B racing hydro; 22.444 mph in Class B stock hydro; Bob McGinley of Corpus Christi, 31.327 in Class A hydro.

### TRACK AND FIELD

**Tom Courtney**, bounding into old Olympic form and without competition from Arnie

Bowell (who won 1,000 in effortless 2:11.71, dropped down to 600 yards), ran Charlie Jenkins and asserted finale late boards to tie Mel Whitfield's indoor world record of 1:56.5 at Boston (see below). Ron Delany, bounce-striding Irishman from Villanova, in first race since winning 1,500 meters at Melbourne, romped off with Hunter Mills in 4:57.5.

### BASKETBALL

**Kansas** made most of second-half strategy to beat Iowa State 75-64 (see page 18) while North Carolina, nation's only unbeaten team, rolled over Western Carolina 77-39 for 16th straight. Kentucky and SMU held fire in SEC and Southwestern Conference, respectively, and UCLA earned up to the California for lead in PCC.

**St. Louis**, deeply commended in cellar not too long ago, posted slumping 20th-place in last game on way to first-place tie with Fort Wayne in NBA Western Division while Rochester emerged from 11-game losing streak to finish over third place in East. Boston was still top banana in Philadelphia, New York and Syracuse battled for Eastern spot.

### BICYCLING

**Germany's Herbert Weirich** and **Helmut Noll** whizzed around Cleveland Arena speed track 26,240 times in 10 minutes, covered 2,624,000 miles before winning upstate race (see below), to finish up ahead of Australian and French team. It first today (see page 18). Since 1953.

### BOXING

**Gene Fullmer**, budding middleweight champion, took time off from mink ranching, copper mining and hammering to pick up a quick dollar, battling and countering all star who's bigger than 144: **Will Grimes** (see below). In his amateur 14-pounder at Salt Lake City, then agreed to title rematch with Sugar Ray Robinson, April 24 at Chicago, this time for 50% of net gate, radio and TV (see page 19).

**Kenny Lewis**, second-ranked lightweight from Michigan, Mich., baffled under-skinned Frankie Ryff with his southpaw style. Last New Yorker bleeding profusely from groin hit knock down before rugged fight is over at Newark, N.J.

### BASEBALL

**Major League owners**, meetman, New York, accepted two-person plan, providing for monthly retirement benefits ranging from \$60 to \$520 for players who put in from one to 25 years, promising **Brooklyn's General Manager Jim Christy** to suggest "every family get a bat and ball in every boy's hand and tell him to get busy."

**Mickey Mantle**, looking in addition like no other major league, continued to collect bonuses and hand-outs in his latest news. At Tulsa, Mickey told Oklahoma's Old Timer Baseball Association, "I don't know about you folks but I've tired of hearing all this blabbing about me," moved on to New York to accept three more awards, found time to sign contract with *continued on next page*

## FOCUS ON THE DEED



**STRIDING** (see page 18). Old Olympic Champion Tom Courtney romps, races and runs 694.9 and runs in 1:59.7 at Boston.



**MEANDERING** (see page 18). Germany's Herbert Weirich and Helmut Noll whizzed around Cleveland Arena speed track 26,240 times in 10 minutes, covered 2,624,000 miles before winning upstate race (see below), to finish up ahead of Australian and French team. It first today (see page 18). Since 1953.



**CHARGING** Middleweight Champion Gene Fullmer takes out Will Grimes in a middle 10-rounder at Salt Lake City.

# SCOREBOARD



**Dr. Charles H. Stash**, president of the San Francisco Seal, now executive vice-president of Los Angeles Turf Club, was awarded plaque "for outstanding contributions to Thoroughbred racing" by HBPA at Hollywood, Calif.



**Al Watrous**, 67, leathery-faced old-timer from Birmingham, Mich., who won PGA seniors title and trip to Europe to face British champion, put together 67 and 69 for 136 to take Quarter Century tournament at Dundee, Fla.



**Don Simmons**, 25, shrew-banded young goalie brought up from Springfield to replace retired Terry Sawchuk, fired Boston Bruins out of serious slumps back late NHL season with four straight, including 2-0 shutout at Chicago.

Yankees after getting public boost from President Dan Topping, who told him: "Get as much as you can—you deserve it." Mantle took advice literally, will collect about \$63,000 by 1957. Among other contract signers: St. Louis' Stan Musial lined up with Cards for 17th year for reported \$58,000.

## GOLF

**Billy Casper Jr.**, young (23) Beaulieu, Calif. pro, kept his wife and his game about him, held off some seasoned campaigners with 67 on final round to win Phoenix Open with 271 (see page 22).

## HORSE RACING

**Bald Ruler** and **Prince Khaleel** moved to head of year's prize 3-year-old crop, scoring notable victories at opposite ends of nation (see page 25). **Whitely Stable's** frisky **Bald Ruler** took off like jet under able **Ted Aronson**, romped home 4½ lengths ahead of **Gen. Duke**, 6½ in front of **Federal Hill** to win seven-furlong \$26,000 Bahamas Stakes in track record 1:22 at Hialeah; **Prince Khaleel**, running against less stout opposition, nevertheless put latest gleam in California's eye, running away with \$63,600 California Breeders Championship Stakes by 9½ lengths in 1:42 3/5 for mile-and-a-half at Santa Anita.

## HOCKEY

**Boston** found winning goalie in **Don Simmons**, cut down Chicago, Montreal and New York to leap back into contention in

NHL. Detroit had its troubles with Montreal, losing 3-2 and tying 3-3, but retained 3-point edge over Canadians.

## WORLDLEDDING

Italy's daring **Eugenio Monti** and **Rossia Alvares** battled down icy St. Moritz run four times in combined time of 5:17.94, barely edged America's **Art Tyler** and **Tom Butler** to win world two-man bobsled title.

## MILEPOSTS

**FOXBORO**—**Joe McCarthy**, 69, iron-fisted manager who won one pennant with Chicago Cubs, eight pennants and seven World Series with New York Yankees; and **Sue Crawford**, 38, long-distance slugging outfielder of early 1960s with Cincinnati and Detroit; named in Baseball's Hall of Fame, in New York.

**MARRIED** **Gerritine A. (Gussie) Moran**, 31, spirited tennis player whose lacrimated passion at Wimbledon created bigger sensation than her wins; and **Edward J. Ravel**, 33, Buffalo, N.Y., trucking executive; both for second time; at Las Vegas.

**WINS**—**John Willie Marshall**, 23, vigorous-striding Australian swim star whose explosive buoyancy for Yale set 19 world records from 200 meters to mile in 1966 and 1951 (after one brilliant performance, he said: "I did it for God, my country and Yale"), three-time Olympian; of severe head injuries suffered in auto crash, near Ballarat, Australia.

## FOR THE RECORD

### BOWLING

**9-0**, **ARIN**, 6-game TAB over **Al Anderson**, mid-Memphis, 21, Iowa.  
**CHARLY JOLSON**, 7-game TAB over **Clarence Baker**, mid-Memphis, New Orleans.  
**13-0**, **BOULE**, 15-round decision over **Todd Baker**, mid-Memphis, New York.

### SOFT

**ARMY DEMARCO**, **Barbara Linn**, N.Y., over **Wile Gorman** and **Kar Gorman**, at day, Thunderbolt Open, Palm Springs, Calif.  
**DOUG HENRIK**, Detroit, **Paula Kline** Open, with 20, for 11 holes, San Jose.  
**PAULY BERRY**, St. Andrews, N.Y., **Heaven Holmes** (captain), with 216 for 18 holes, Havana.  
**MARY ANN SCARLET**, Baltimore, and **MARGE LIND SAT**, Detroit, 18, over **Rene Quail** and **Bole Richardson**, 2 and 2, with 4-543 hole, Hollywood, Pa.

### HORSE RACING

**EDITH**, \$25,000 **Boulevardier** Turf bet, 2 1/2 m. by 11, in 1:12 3/5, Hialeah (start) 1 start up.  
**ALISON**, \$25,150 San Diego 8, 1½ m. by 11, length, in 1:10, Santa Anita (Jack Winkler up).

### ICE SKATING

**LIND CARPIS**, Chicago, N.Y., American ice men's speed skating title, with 18 pts. **Delores Womack**, American, **Patricia Kuykendall**, Detroit, with 21 pts.  
**OLGA GONCHAROVA**, Russia, European speed-skating title, with 20 1/2 pts.  
**CAROL MARLEY**, New York, **European** speed-skating figure skating title, with 1,243 pts., Berkeley, Pa.

### SWIMMING

**JOHN GONCHAROV**, **Wendell**, N.Y., **Gibson Memorial** Treadle, at 2:23, R. Gorman, N.Y. **Wright's** championship, **Frank Jones**, London, N.Y., at 2:45.  
**BOB MACK**, **Swimmer** (spring), **Gene**, **Gene** **Clark**, **Stanton**, at 1:01.1, **Ada**, **Clark**, **Womack's** championship, **Wendell Jones**, **Wendell Jones**, at 1:01.1.  
**ANTHONY WYATT**, N.Y., **British**, **British** international, with time of 2:14, 115 ft. by 112.5 pts.

### SQUASH RACQUETS

**BOB SAGANS**, **Becker**, over **Eric Howard**, 15-1, 15-13, 15-6, **London** (single), **London**.

### TENNIS

**JOHN GONCHAROV**, **Arthur**, over **Barbara Jones**, 3-6, 6-4, 6-3, 6-1, 5, **Florida** (single), **W. Palm Beach**.



**KICKING UP HEELS**, frisky **War Paint**, a 9-year-old plate, shows **Clark Sheppard** why he has been selected as best bucking horse of 1966 by the rodeo circuit's top 10 saddle-bone buyers.



**HEADING FOR TROUBLE**, Repeat Performer leaps over the rail as **Rider** **Charles Smith** tries to dismount and jittery spectator (left) holds out a restraining hand at home show in Miami.





Sir James Houston, author, photographer, international skier

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# A GIRAFFE'S-EYE VIEW OF BATIK

One of the world's oldest fabrics, so old that no one knows exactly where it was first made, is becoming an American favorite. Its colors make madras look pale

CHAMP, the 5-year-old giraffe on the opposite page, has very little reason to be homesick. He's the top banana in an enormous Florida sideshow just off U.S. 1 called Africa, U.S.A., and he has hundreds of acres of "veldt" to roam about in. For company, he has flocks of ostriches and herds of zebras and Biblical asses, and a Masai warrior in leopard skin, feathers and paint (who is a native of Pompano Springs). He frequently dines on loaves of one-day-old Thomas bread, one of this country's choicest brands, and the climate is so good that people at the Beas Raton club across the road pay upward of \$40 a day for a brief winter's sojourn in it.

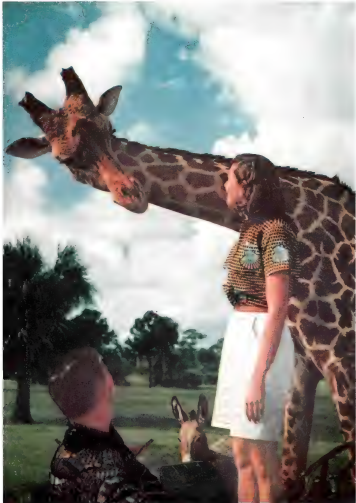
But Champ may very well have been experiencing a bit of nostalgia for the Old Country at the moment this picture was taken. He's just come face to face with an attractive bit of batik, a cotton fabric worn by the folks back home for the past 198 years or so. And although Champ doesn't know it, he's going to be seeing a lot more of it, for batik seems to be the successor to India's madras as the next hand-crafted fabric to crop up in sun-time American sports clothes.

Like madras, which has enlivened the American resort and summer scene for the past several years, batik has a colorful historical origin. It's such an ancient process that authorities don't know exactly when or where it began—in India, China or Java—but the African branch of the industry got its start in the early 19th century when missionaries brought lengths of the fabric from the Orient to clothe the naked native bodies. The natives of the Gold Coast from Senegal to Zambesi have developed their own batik industry, taking the patterns from their surroundings, using floral and plant-life motifs as well as insects and animals. In much the same tradition as batik makers all over the world

(the word itself is a Javanese one describing the resist-dyeing process), they coat bleached fabrics with wax or other substances, then dip them in the dyes, and the design is made by the "resisting" wax. The prints are now the product of a mechanized industry in Great Britain, Holland and Switzerland, as well as Africa. The mechanized printing of batika has reached such a state of perfection that it is difficult for any but technicians to tell the machine-made from the hand-dyed varieties.

The Africans not only wear the cloth, but they board lengths of it. The proudest possession of every woman is a trunkful of cloth, and family history and national events are remembered by the patterns worn at the time. At weddings and in days of mourning, whole families and societies wear the same pattern on parade. At Zanzibar every wife is entitled to receive two new dress lengths every month. Failure to provide them is grounds for divorce. And the patterns have their own stories to tell: a flying-duck pattern is symbolic of the exile of a famous king, the bird representing his spirit flying back to his home. A sort of upside-down tulip represents the evil spirit and is found in every home. Light colors are preferred in the plains, and dark in the forests. The indigo and other dyes will "bleed" in the moister of madras, but that is considered part of the charm. Now coming is on a strong tropical wave by way of Caribbean resorts, just as did madras, batik promises soon to be as popular on the American scene as it is in Nigeria.

**P**atricia Manie Twander of Palm Beach wears shell-print batik shirt (Hathaway, \$11), and Rory Harney of Delray Beach one with a calico pattern (Mather, \$12) on safari in Africa, U.S.A.





**O**riental patterns are typical of bacles worn in East Africa (Mather Shirts, \$15). The deep-crown sailor is from Debits (\$10).



**M**edallion-printed batik—Lady Hathaway, \$11—represents African homes, with circles symbolizing fences around the kraals.



**B**lack print that combines African and Oriental motifs is adapted in a color-fast print for lined swim trunks (Palm Beach, \$8).



**C**old, indigo blue are colors preferred by Africans on savanna, or plain, as in this woman's sport shirt (Mather Shirts, \$13).

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# A BIG LIFT FOR FITNESS

Once maligned, even feared, weight lifting has won Dr. Peter Karpovich's endorsement as a sound off-season training aid for baseball and tennis players, swimmers—and even golfers

by DOROTHY STULL

**T**HERE IS NEWS for coaches in all sports. Weight lifting, feared for years as a dangerous or at best one-sided way of building up the body, may instead be the best training method for *any* male athletes—not only football players, shotgunners and other heavyweights, but even swimmers, golfers and tennis players.

That, at least, is the opinion of a man who has, perhaps, done more than anyone else in the U.S. to put sports on a scientific basis, and who for years opposed weight lifting: Research Physiologist Peter V. Karpovich of Springfield College. Karpovich's change of heart was first disclosed in his latest book, *Weight Training in Athletics* (Prentice-Hall, \$4.95), co-authored with Jim Murray, a longtime authority in the field. The book recommends

specific weight training regimens for 32 different sports. Some of these are illustrated on the following pages. In each case they have been designed for the muscles most used in that activity and, except where indicated, should not be used indiscriminately.

For a growing band of athletes Dr. Karpovich's conclusions simply confirmed what they had found out for themselves. Says swimmer Al Wiggins: "I seriously doubt that without weight lifting I'd have progressed as far as I have in swimming." The two-month period Wiggins once needed to get back in shape for a new season has been cut, with weights, to one to three weeks.

Bob Rotzheim, the world's greatest pole vaulter, says that during the recent Olympics he kept weights in his pants and "used them every day until

one week before the Games." Harold Connelly, world record holder in the hammer throw, predicts that "when weight training catches on universally, the marks are going to go up." Other stars, among them Golfer Frank Stranahan, Tennis Champion Frank Segelman, Outfielder Jackie Jensen and Sculler Jack Kelly Jr., have also proclaimed the value of weight training.

"I used to think weight lifters were musclebound," Karpovich said recently, "especially before the war. I was strongly against the sport, but now I'm its guardian angel. It only proves how one should always be ready to change."

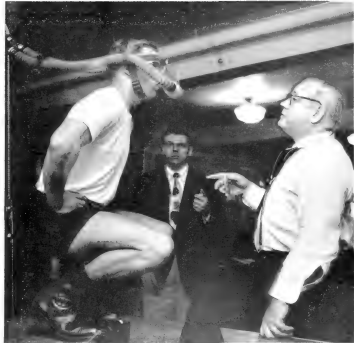
Wedged in behind his desk in the Springfield office, where books and papers spill from shelves in disarray, Karpovich recalled with gentle self-mockery a moment from long ago.

"The first suspicion I had that I might be wrong about weight lifting was when Bob Hoffman [U.S. Olympic weight lifting coach] brought John Grimek and John Davis to Springfield for a weight lifting demonstration. I had heard as a boy that strong men can't scratch between their shoulder blades, so in the question period I said very earnestly: 'Will you please ask Mr. Grimek to scratch his back between the shoulder blades?' Of course, they thought I was crazy, but I wished I was not there when Grimek scratched first with one hand, then with the other, from above the shoulder and then from below. It only shows how all of us cling to our misconceptions, even myself who should know better," he concluded gloomily.

After the 1950 opening incident of the scratching weight lifter, Dr. Karpovich began testing some of the old saws about the sport. He found that the average grade of weight lifters in three colleges was about a B, so much for



TEACHER KARPOVICH captivates a class in health physiology, using an electric board and a diagram to show the burned-in an arrow during special election to—no—be lost.



**RESEARCHER KARPORICH** monitors a "testee" subject in an experiment relating an investigation of non-mech energy to

rates to develop this test. To determine which exercises are most dangerous, Dr. Grubbs, assistant, Alan Karpovich helps.

the area between the ears). He studied 400 men, ball lifters and ball non-lifters, to determine the truth of the widely held belief that weight training slows down the speed of body movements. The results surprised many confirmed critics: the average speed of the lifters' rotary arm movements was significantly faster than the speed of the non-lifters.

On investigating the alleged dangers of "bumps," he discovered that among 24,700 lifters only 291 sustained injuries from the sport, an incredibly low incidence of 1.2%. Most of these injuries were pulled muscles and ten-

dons. Not one was damage to the heart, and the old belief that weight lifters are prone to hernia was shown to be unfounded. The few hernia cases that were reported were proportionately 20 times fewer than the number found among men entering the service during World War II.

Because of these investigations, and others made both by himself and by other researchers, Dr. Karpovich decided that weight lifting had been greatly maligned and that physiologically it had the same value as calisthenics. "No system of physical education or a system of prophylactic or

remedial exercises," he stated, "can exist without the use of resistance in one form or another. Whether you use a bar bell or the weight of your own body, the effect is the same."

The only danger in weight lifting if you are normally healthy, says Dr. Karpovich, is in going at it too fast and too hard. His program, based on two principles of progressive resistance, which he and Murray recommend in their book, stresses the importance of building up slowly, both weight and number of times an exercise is repeated.

"The potential progression is complete

(Continued on next page)

## EXERCISES FOR FOUR SPORTS

Baseball and tennis players, golfers and swimmers will benefit from most of these lifts. Exceptions are noted where they occur



**MILITARY PRESS**

For shoulders and triceps; pull bar bell to upper chest, keeping back straight; two strokes per rep. Push triceps and arms straight back before retract.



**LATERAL RAISE**

For deltoid muscles; two strokes; squats 15, raise dumbbells from thighs to arms, moving overhead. For tennis and golf see bent-arm raise.



**WRIST CURL**

For forearm, propeller belt, forearm, arm, wrist; hold bar bell with fingers and retrieve it. Sit on bench.

## A SPECIAL LIFT FOR EACH SPORT

These three exercises are designed to give tone to specific muscles



**SWIMMING ONLY**

Upright rowing builds the trapezius, deltoids and chest upper back muscles, as well as the arms. Hold bar bell, palms to body, hands close together, keep elbows higher than bell and pull straight up to chest with back and body straight.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES KIRKWAY

## LIFT FOR FITNESS

*continued from page 43*

the muscles are trained to do more and more work so gradually that injury or overwork is virtually impossible. To develop strength and improve muscle tone of the smaller muscle groups of the arms, shoulders, upper back and chest, Dr. Karpovich suggests a progression from eight to 12 repetitions with a given weight before the weight is increased. That is, when beginning bar bell or dumbbell training, or both, you should experiment to determine how much weight you can use to perform a given exercise eight times without stopping. You should try to add a repetition with each training period, and when you reach 12 you should add five or 10 pounds and drop back to eight repetitions to begin the same upward progression of first adding repetitions and then adding more weight.

The larger muscles of the legs and lower back usually require more repetitions

and can stand greater weight increase than the arms and upper body. In working the lower body and legs, Karpovich and Murray recommend 10 to 15 or 18 repetitions before adding 10 or 20 pounds.

Absolutely necessary for safety in weight lifting are proper rest periods. The Karpovich-Murray program advises lifting only every other day and taking a rest period between each lift of from three to five minutes. (After a rest of only 30 or 40 seconds most lifters fail to raise a heavier weight, and likewise after a five- to 11-minute rest.)

Dr. Karpovich warns all would-be lifters to warm up before each training session, doing parts of the exercise or using smaller weights and working up gradually to the complete movement. This advice seems paradoxical after all the fuss caused by the recent paper in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, prepared by Dr. Karpovich and Dr. Creighton Hale, which concluded that warming up had no

effect on the performance of trackmen. "Because of this experiment everyone thinks I'm against all kinds of warming up," Dr. Karpovich complains. "That's not true. I think we need a lot more evidence on the whole subject before we can give up the practice."

The reversal of his position on weight lifting and his qualified skepticism on the warmup are entirely consistent with the scientific approach Dr. Karpovich has maintained during his 30 years at Springfield. Conducting research of the highest caliber, he has used precision instruments patiently fashioned out of anything handy, including garbage cans and sawpans. He calls his lab the "Kroger Scientific Company" because much of it came from the five-& ten.

From this lab he has exposed as fallacies many other received old coaches' tales, among them the belief that vitamins are a stimulant to athletic performance, that you can't drink milk before engaging in competition, that





**ALTERNATE PRESS**

For arms and side muscles: raise moderately heavy dumbbells to shoulders, and then push overhead in alternate reverse action.



**SQUAT**

For thighs and hips: place bar bell on shoulders at back of neck, keeping the back straight, chest high; lower into full squat and rise. Do this first for tennis, slow for golf.



**PULLOVER**

For chest expansion: grasp lightweight bar bell with arms straight behind head, inhale, lift up until over chest, exhale as weight rises.



**SUPINE PRESS**

For the chest and triceps muscles: push bar bell straight up from chest until arms lock. Omit for tennis and golf.



**SHOULDER SHRUG**

For arms and shoulders: lock arms over chest, take bell from helper, hold position, shrug shoulders forward and upward.

**BASEBALL ONLY**

The sit-up works the muscles of the abdomen directly. Sit, hold weight behind head and alternately touch elbows to opposite knees. Weight can also be placed across ankles and prone body brought into sit-up position. With hands held behind head. Repeat 10 to 20 times.

**TENNIS & GOLF ONLY**



Reverse-arm lateral raise, supine, expands the chest and develops pectorals. Grasp dumbbells and, with arms bent, lower weights to each side from directly over chest.



**CURL**

For biceps, arm and forearm muscles: grasp bar bell, palms away from legs, raise to position across the thighs, then to chest in arc. Omit for baseball.

gelatin gives you strength, and so on.

Dr. Karpovich is also responsible for a virtual revolution in the technique of artificial respiration used in the U.S. (he backed the Nielsen method against the generally accepted Schafer method). His studies on swimming, published in the early '30s, showed that most coaches were teaching techniques just the opposite of those that would make swimmers faster. Some of Dr. Karpovich's conclusions were: the more the body is submerged, the less resistance it creates to the water and therefore the greater speed a swimmer can attain; more power comes from more frequent arm strokes; the best crawl stroke is choppy, with the arms bent. A convert, Japanese Olympic Trainer Tohru Yanagida, subsequently attributed much of the success of his team in the 1932 Olympics to the Karpovich theory.

Dr. Karpovich's interest in making sports more scientific started some 40 years ago when he was a young man

in Ramia. "My brother believed physical education could improve the health of the people. I am not sure that he was entirely right, but I'm positive that physical education contributes to mental health and better utilization of your body as a moving machine." At 60 Karpovich himself weighs 235 pounds and looks like a veteran pro wrestler. "I am not," he says ruefully, "a good example of what they call physical fitness, although what they mean by that neither they nor I really know yet. I don't do athletics any more, but I did when I was younger. Now, on weekends with my wife (Josephine Rathbone, Ph. D., associate professor of physical education at Teachers College, Columbia) we go fishing, because we can also talk.

"I went to military medical school in Leningrad and graduated as an M.D. in 1919. By 1921 I had permanently separated myself from the military and was consulting physician for the YMCA in Latvia. In 1925 I came

to the States and to Springfield, where I've been ever since except for four years in World War II where I ran the physical fitness lab at the School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field.

"People ask me why I stay here on this little campus. There's a simple reason. Here we still believe that we shouldn't just teach and at 5 o'clock go home. We try to instill the idea of service—to help a little. But what we need here is money for research. When I'm asked if I use animals in my experiments, I say one animal I would welcome is a golden calf. You can get money for research about rod corpuses to be found in the tail of a white rat, but not for research on how the bodies of human beings work."

Dr. Karpovich, however, is no pessimist. "We are just one second in eternity, why be discouraged about slow progress? Look at what I've learned about weight lifting, after years of opposing it. Of course, I take the cosmic view. What else is there?" (ENR)

California pasteboard is safer for man and beast,

and the East's favorite charge is also rejected:

## TIME IS NO OBJECT

On August 18, 1955, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published an article by Pol Lyach, who had some hard things to say about "time-meter racing" in West Coast racing. Our guest columnist this week is Oscar Otis, the able and experienced correspondent of The Morning Telegraph, who sends us from Santa Anita this powerful defense of western track management which we trust will do nothing to dampen the fire of controversy.

**M**OST THOROUGHBRED horsemen are positive individualists with strong ideas about all phases of horse racing.

This is not surprising, as racing has been aptly described as being "an inexact science of differences of opinion." But the one topic on the turf that brings the widest cleavage in likes and dislikes is the subject of track conditions—fast or deep.

Californians, who prefer and maintain fast race tracks, popularly styled pasteboards, have had more verbal vitriol hurled at their race courses than at all the other tracks on the continent put together. The West Coasters, for once, are not fighting mad about this

criticism but rather have taken the haughty stance that the western pasteboard is years ahead of the times, indeed a projection of the ideal running surface of the future. They feel sure the East will catch up with "progress" and eventually convert to the California standard.

The basic difference between East and West is often oversimplified. Easterners deride the coast oval as "paved highways," and Westerners in turn dab some, but by no means all, eastern tracks "plowed fields."

It is just possible there is a grain of truth in the eastern taunt that the West has the feeling that fast time contributes to the prestige of a race horse and that a mile-and-a-quarter run in 2:00 flat is just two seconds grander than if the same stake were clocked in 2:02. Better for horse, better for civic pride, of which there is plenty in California, and better for the headlines in the newspapers. Patrons who see the race are more impressed, even awed, by new records set before their eyes.

But if, indeed, time records were considered when the tracks were built,



THEY DO IT BEST IN THE WEST, SAYS OTIS

today the California speed strips are maintained as they are because the hard, firm course has stood the test of more than 20 years of campaigning and is accepted by almost every western horseman as being far and away the safest anywhere. These tracks are engineered as highways, some with a rock or paved underbase, about a foot and a half of soil on top, topped by a thin veneer of cushion. They are not really downhill, as some have asserted, but are just plain fast.

The mechanical action of a horse in full stride has been carefully studied in film patrol pictures which would seem to prove that the stride of any given horse is more rhythmical on a pasteboard than on a deep track, and it therefore stands to reason that a fast, firm strip puts no undue strain upon the pastern, that flexible bit of bone just above the hoof which is the horse's shock absorber. But the deep track permits a horse to "knuckle over" as he hits, putting a jar upon the pastern that can transmit as far as the knee.

It is no wonder that in the early days of far western racing the best stake horses were often those which had gone wrong in the East and were sold cheaply to western buyers who shipped them across the Rockies, repaired them and sent them on to race willingly and soundly on pasteboards.

Charlie Whittingham, trainer for one of America's great stables, Llangollen Farm of Mrs. Richard Lunn, who races both East and West, says, "I'm a fast-track man, and I'd say Santa Anita and Hollywood Park are the two best strips in the nation. Belmont Park is the best of the tracks in New York, mainly because of its good footing.



"Lipstick."

"There is no secret about the advantages of a California track. Horses stay sound longer, run farther and with less effort than most anywhere else. The less effort a horse needs to win, the longer he'll keep on running in top form, and that means money in the bank for any stable, plus a far better chance to prove a stud prospect. If a track is deep, horses flounder, and when they flounder they are far more apt to take a faulty step. Deep tracks put a strain on a horse, and a tired horse is an injury-prone horse."

Horatio Luro, the colorful internationalist who also races both sides of the continent, puts it another way: "Santa Anita's track is superb and an excellent example of a firm, fast, safe course. Any time you encounter a deep track, a horse cannot get ahold of it properly, and this gives you a condition called 'cuppy.' As a horse strides, the ground breaks out from under his feet. He slips and slides a fraction of an inch every time his hoofs touch the footing. The firmer the track, the less tendency it has to cup and is, therefore, safer. Of course, there has to be a cushion, but these California people have combined speed with safety very expertly."

We could add testimony upon testimony, but these two observations born of experience are typical.

Santa Anita has reversed the process of most track maintenance procedures, depending mainly upon the simple process of rolling the track to a considerable degree of compaction, then cutting a fluff cushion on the surface and letting it go at that.

The general manager of Santa Anita, Gaym Wilson, reasons this method as being the most sensible, explaining, "Normally, we roll the track and then harrow in a cushion of about two and three-quarter inches. If we get a forecast of rain, we roll and stop right there. If the rain actually arrives, the horses punch their feet through the dampish surface and in effect cut their own cushion. If it doesn't rain, it's no trouble to harrow the fluff up for regular fast track racing. We haven't had a single serious complaint this winter but an astonishingly high number of compliments."

Wilson hastily added that Santa Anita has no paving underneath its surface, the old rock foundation having been torn out a few years ago. Now there is only the area's natural soil going straight down to bedrock.

Hollywood Park, where world records abound, has an inch of soil compacted into an asphalt base, just 18

*continued on next page*



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## HORSE RACING

*Continued from page 19*

inches underneath its running surface. But at Hollywood, another high-safety-rated track, the proof of its engineering is easily demonstrated by the phenomenon that when horses speed over its course, people standing at the outer rail cannot hear any clatter of hoofs. This ear test is regarded by horsemen as scientifically decisive.

Golden Gate Fields, on the tidal flat of San Francisco Bay, claims to be the world's fastest track, which it probably is. Golden Gate has a true rock base of decomposed, compacted granite, and this base is fairly close to the surface. Yet trainers who race it flatly declare it is one of the safest of all race tracks. The explanation at Golden Gate lies in part in the makeup of its surface soil which is impregnated with colloids. These small particles tend to stay in suspension in water and impart a bounce that literally assists a horse ahead. Horses don't run in the accepted sense of the word at Golden Gate, they skim.

Visible proof is offered the skeptic by driving a truck around the track. The truck sinks in, and you can actually see the ground rise, seemingly coming alive in the wake of the wheels.

Other notable fast, safe tracks in the West are Longacres near Seattle, California in Old Mexico, and Turf Paradise in Phoenix. In years gone by, when Caliente didn't have the quality stock it boasts today, it was axiomatic that if you sent an ailing horse there, the chances are he would get well and race indefinitely. For Caliente, like all pasteboroughs, is kind to horses with tendon or ligament trouble.

Proof that the California concept is gaining despite steady criticism is provided by Louisville, Ky. Ten years ago, Churchill Downs Track Superintendent Tom Young told us that 2:04 was a norm time for the Kentucky Derby, a standard figure from which merit could be judged. Last year, he revised that standard down to 2:03. And Churchill Downs also reels for anticipated rain, though using a different technique from Santa Anita's.

We have stated the case for the California race track. Our exposition of the merits of the speedway for race horses will earn general applause for western horsemen, but others will see it merely as kerosene added to a blaze that has been roaring along for years. Take sides if you will. For in racing, one man's opinion is as good as another's, if not better. **GENE**

Bill Casper came through for the Young Guard in the Phoenix, but the midwinter circuit still resembles an

## OLDTIMERS' PARADE

**A**T THE END of the third round, when he posted a 66 to remain with it in two strokes of the Phoenix Open lead last week, Lloyd Mangrum lowered lovingly at the first-place medalion and cracked: "If I can hold these old bones together one more day, I'll give these young fellows a real scare."

But what was really scaring the young fellows in the troupe as the winter golf circuit approached the midway point was the way not only Mangrum but all the old bones of golf were holding together. It was getting tough for a player under 30 to cash a check. The Los Angeles Open was won by Doug Ford; the Caliente Open was won by Ed Furgol. But when the Palm Springs Open was won for the second straight time by Jimmy Demaret, the younger element began to look nervously over both shoulders for fear Ben Hogan would find the easy money too much to resist. "Demaret," muttered one, "goes back to kirkery sticks."

What was really hurting the Young Guard, which has been sailing in the wings so long now it may find itself lapped by an even younger guard, was the deceleration of Gene Littler. Littler is the young man (26) who had won some half-dozen tournaments even before he got acquainted with the rest of the players on the pro circuit.

But Littler, who had brought to the game the solid severity of a contemplative monk and the racing compact and parsimonious that the belief was that nothing could ever happen to it, unexpectedly been hand-pumped into the second-round cut. At the Bing Crosby Open, he perked up on a dogleg for the first time in his professional career. At Los Angeles he skinned to a 74 last round. At Caliente he had a 77. At Palm Springs he opened with a 76.

After the Phoenix Open, which he won in 1955 (mid-season), Littler's problem was Topic A around the clubhouse, the subject of casual conversation and in-print analysis. The consensus of the competing press was that Littler had developed a hitch in his backswing, and

that it was too bad but on the whole they were glad of it. "When you can chip and putt the way that kid can, who needs a backswing anyway?" guessed one competitor.

Littler's eyes had darkened when he was approached on the subject. "Everybody goes through a little period where their swing may change a little bit," he commented bitterly. "I'm working on some things now, trying to get my swing back to where it was. It's highly exaggerated."

For the first two rounds it seemed it was, at that. Littler scored a 69 and a 67, good enough to rate second place, one stroke away from the lead. But even students of the game were agast at the way he scored them. On his second round, for instance, he was in so many traps he couldn't have had more sand in his shoes if he had spent the day picknicking on Coney Island, and his score was largely due to an explosion shot from a trap on the last hole which hit the pin on the fly and fell down for an eagle 3. Fellow pro Billy Casper was impressed as much as the cheering crowd and ran over to the practice green where his fellow pros were putting. "Greatest shot I've ever seen," crowed Casper. Pro Cary Middlecoff and Mike Souchak looked on in amazement. "Probably skulled it," correctly guessed Middlecoff. "If it didn't hit the pin, it's in the clubhouse," protested Souchak.

Littler, meanwhile, was posing for the press, with his hat turned backward and a look of awe on his face; but the prophet shook their heads. Littler had missed more greens than a weekend chaffer and the opinion was that whatever had soured the picture-swing could not be sweetened by a diet of miraculously ripe and wispies. Littler had found out how tough the game of golf is, went the refrain in the locker room.

The Old Guard, who had found it out hundreds of tournaments ago, moved in for the kill. Terrible Tommy Bolt, of course, withdrew, pleading a severe case of bunions, complicated, the wise ones noticed, by an attack of double-

bogey. But Dr. Cary Middlecoff announced in mid-tournament that he had just been given the secret of putting by an old friend, George Low, and proved it the next day by going out and firing a 65. Mangrum sauntered around like an old gaffer warning himself in the sun, but he was dead to the pin on his second shot, and even Johnny Bulla, who now putts left-handed and hasn't won a tournament since the war years, was in contention with two sub-par rounds.

### OLD GUARD STOPPED

The Young Guard at the last had to pin its faith on portly Billy Casper Jr., a San Diegoan who slashes at the ball as viciously as a wrestler in a hurry but who one-putted half the holes for a 65 on the third round; on Mike Souchak, whose sluggy bulk and foisted strut belie the fact he has one of the most graceful swings on the circuit today; and on the onetime National Amateur Champion, Arnold Palmer, who opened with a 66 and hung on by his teeth thereafter.

It could be—and was—argued that the youngster who wasn't there at Phoenix is the real current threat to the hegemony of the Middlecoffs, Mangrums, Furgols, et al. Ken Venturi, who almost rode away with the Masters last year and who carried the Palm Springs tourney to a playoff, dropped out with a pulled muscle on the eve of Phoenix.

On the final day of action it was 22-year-old Bill Casper who managed to halt the old folks. It was one of those days when not even a varnished slide could have thrown his putts off line, and he finished with a smart 67 for a four-round card of 271.

But though Casper was, the oldsters were still conspicuous by their presence on the cashless. Middlecoff was tied for second, and Old Bones Mangrum himself held together for fourth. And with the big pros and tougher eastern courses looming ahead, the old-timers intended to go right on being conspicuous. **END**

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |     |
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| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 | 49 | 50 | 51 | 52 | 53 | 54 | 55 | 56 | 57 | 58 | 59 | 60 | 61 | 62 | 63 | 64 | 65 | 66 | 67 | 68 | 69 | 70 | 71 | 72 | 73 | 74 | 75 | 76 | 77 | 78 | 79 | 80 | 81 | 82 | 83 | 84 | 85 | 86 | 87 | 88 | 89 | 90 | 91 | 92 | 93 | 94 | 95 | 96 | 97 | 98 | 99 | 100 |

Over 2,000 canine blue bloods face the supreme

test, none more confidently than Kay Shouse's

## PROUD BARRAGE

**T**HE IDEAL dog on this week's cover, a blue-blooded boxer named Barrage of Quality Hill, stands ready for his second appearance at the canine king-making event, the Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show (Feb. 11, 12 at New York's Madison Square Garden). At his debut, in 1955, it was Barrage who caused one of the show's great upsets. He defeated his celebrated father, Ch. Bang Away of Sirrah Crest, holder of more best-in-show titles than any dog, and was named the best American-bred in the show. It was a respectable evening's work for a dog barely out of the puppy classes.

His moment of triumph was, however, missed by his new Washington, D.C. owner, Mrs. Joann Shouse. She was bedridden with dengue fever. In fact, Mrs. Shouse, through one stroke of bad luck or another, has never seen her dog win best-in-show, which he has done 19 times. Also on his record, in two and a half years of showing, are 69 breed bests and 54 group awards plus innumerable specialty awards.

Second-largest category of dogs registered with the American Kennel Club (more than 3,000 a month), the boxer is America's favorite large dog. A boxer is often used as a guard dog, but he should at the same time be gentle and intelligent enough to tell a neighbor from a night powder. Gentle does not, however, imply timid—as seems to have been the case with Actress Marie McDonald's boxer—a canine Ferdinand who just sniffed at two abductors.

This was unpardonable conduct, but boxers do, in general, like and trust people, and they themselves are trustworthy. As a result, more are being used as seeing-eye dogs, particularly for children. Besides, they learn well and have the memory of a quiz panelist. "But don't spare the rolled newspaper and spoil the dog!" warns Mrs. Leonard Lowy, a longtime breeder. "A boxer is a big dog (average 25 inches at the shoulder) and should be made to know immediately where he fits into your scheme of things. He is a vital, energetic dog and, if not discouraged, would be

on the piano, the coffee table and your lap. He adapts readily and happily once he knows what is expected."

The first boxer, the founding dog named Flocki, was registered in Germany in 1894 and looked not unlike an oversized Boston terrier. The breed was originally developed for bull baiting and boar hunting, its role in the latter being to grab the boar by the ear and hang on until the hunter arrived with spear. Less sanguinary tasks included herding, and today in small European towns, they still pull milk and coal carts. This might often enrage those American travelers who believe a dog is a cut above having to work for a living, for in the U.S. the boxer rarely does.

When at home on the Shouses' Virginia farm, Barrage likes to take to the woods for a day's squirrel hunting. But he returns willingly to his show rags and the series of strange hotel rooms which he shares with his handler, Jane Kamp. He responds wisely to show situations—an atmosphere which gives some of his canine competitors the shakes. He is completely unconcerned on the bench but, once ready to enter the ring, summons the slice of ham that seems buried just below the hide of all top show dogs, and struts before the judge and crowd.

"Barrage is a real he-dog—that's what he is," says Mrs. Shouse. "He is all male. He has confidence and walks into the ring looking as though he expected to win. He has a tremendous personality and, with this, all the qualifications necessary for a top representative of the breed. And I say this objectively," she added, "because I didn't breed him. His breeders, the Mori Greinens, have the right to be proud."

Barrage is not the first boxer or the first champion that Mrs. Shouse has owned. "We always had dogs," she explained, "but, you know, they were just dogs. Then, in 1957, Mr. Shouse and I were in Marienbad, Czechoslovakia and there was a circus." For Mrs. Shouse, that casual afternoon at a circus was to make a big difference in her life. One of the attractions was an act with 22 boxers—11 on each side of the ring—playing a game of basketball. The Shouses left the circus determined to buy a boxer—and did. A breed was purchased the following summer in Austria, a brindle bitch named Ilse von Zwitterheim who, in less time than it takes a boxer to shake its docked tail, had earned her 15 championship points. Mrs. Shouse was launched into dogdom.

Although she was importing and

(continued on page 24)



**PRESENT PARAGON.** Ch. Barrage of Quality Hill, is used to illustrate (in the visual style originated by the canine magazine *Popular Dogs*) the standards by which the boxer breed is judged. Attractive white markings, although eye-catching, are not necessary.

## RESORTERS by CENTURY

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RESORTER 16'



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bar 350, manistee, michigan*



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PROBON, 80-watt  
chatter plot 1", 12"  
12" receiver, ultra-  
sound 30 db of TCM  
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COMBINATION 40-Watt  
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T-1000, 12" ultra-  
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a "catalytic" driving system, 10" basses  
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## DOGS

continued from page 52

breeding boxes before they became as popular as Pinsky records, it was Herbert H. Lehman who was the real pioneer boxer showman. He took up boxer breeding even before he took up politics. Last week in his Park Avenue study, surrounded by china statues of boxers, he was reminiscing about them: "At first, no one thought the dogs were good-looking. Seems funny when you think how popular they've become. Of course," he added, "the breed has changed a lot, too. What I thought was a top dog then would probably not get anywhere today. Boxers are more refined—less heavy than they used to be. Mrs. Lehman and I bred them for about 15 years—from 1912 until I went into public life. Our Dampf



**FIRST BREEDER** of boxers in this country was boxer Senator Herbert Lehman.

von Dem was the first American boxer to become a champion—that was in 1915. I think the thing that has always endeared us so to boxers is their wonderful disposition with children. The only boxer we have in the family now belongs to my grandchildren in Cleveland. In all our experience with the breed we only found a very few that were untrustworthy."

Then, a few years after the Lehmans stopped showing their dogs, the breed found a new sponsor, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Wagner, then of Milwaukee, now of Chicago. "We've been in boxers since 1932," Mrs. Wagner explains proudly. "Originally, we were in Great Danes, but when Mr. Wagner got tuberculosis in 1931, we decided to get rid of the dogs while he was in the hospital. When he recovered, we thought we wanted some dogs around, and so started with boxers."

Then, in 1935, the Wagners set the breed afire in America by importing

the German champion, Dorian von Marienhof. Dorian went not only best-of-breed but also best-of-group. Then at the Westminster, over 10 years later, a Wagner-bred dog, Ch. Weiler of Maelaine, was the first boxer to become a Westminster best-in-show. Two years later, in 1949, another Wagner-bred dog, Ch. Massaine's Zuzanne Brandy, won the same title.

By then the rush was on for boxers. Far, in addition to his obvious good looks and excellent temperament, the boxer is an easy keeper for a big dog. The average adult will thrive on two cups of kibble and a pound of meat a day. A litter of puppies, on the other hand, can easily eat one out of house, home and two-car garage. The voracious appetite tapers off, fortunately, as the dog matures. He cleans himself like a cat (all dogs do to some extent) and sheds little (if he has the proper vitamins and is brushed once a week).

The dog comes in a variety of colors, not all of which are acceptable. Shades of fawn and brindle are, black and white are not. A breeder who would sell a white boxer is considered a traitor to the cause. Nonetheless, a club for white outcasts has been formed in Westchester, and they are also allowed in obedience classes without causing a boxer rebellion. White markings, though, are generally desirable on a dog of color. However, this is not true in Germany, where the preference is for solid colors and, as one partner pointed out, "If Barrage had been born there, he might well have been told to sleep."

But, as Barrage was whelped in Missouri, he will be at the Westminster very much awake. And he will have to be, as strong competition is planned to meet him. Mrs. Wagner, for example, has several formidable strings to her bow: "We are taking two outstanding young dogs, Ch. Marjack's Golden Windjammer and Ch. Fielding's Freebooter, and we will also be showing Maelaine's Tender Trap, a fabulous young bitch." Another contender coming from California is Barrage's own daughter, Ch. Stapleton's Show Girl, owned by Mrs. George M. Cowie.

If Barrage is named best-of-breed at the Westminster, then he will move on to the working group (one of six groups of breeds). If he defeats the best of each breed there assembled, he has his ticket to the best-in-show ring for the ultimate judgment with five other top dogs—they may be familiar names or they may be newcomers the way Barrage once was. (CWS)

FOR A LOOK AT A FAMOUS DOG SHOW IN ANOTHER COUNTRY, TURN PAGE





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**Pendleton**  
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# LONDON DOG DAYS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE

Charles Cruft, who sold cakes for dogs, began a show now considered the world's finest

**F**OR 100C, February in London is just another of the city's drabber months. But for dog fanciers it is something very special, the month of Cruft's Dog Show, held in Kensington's Olympia, which draws some 50,000 people to look, exhibit, buy and sell in what is now the world's largest canine market place. When Charles Cruft organized the first modest event 71 years ago, it was mainly to promote the sale of dog food and give gamekeepers some welcome big-city diversion. Then it grew like a pampered pup and before the end of the century was graciously stamped with royal approval: Queen Victoria entered some of her pets.

Now run by the Kennel Club, it continues to be held in the same month and is still considered an annual holiday for gamekeepers as well as a magnet for owners and breeders all over the world. Although quarantine laws keep foreign dogs out, they do not keep British dogs in. Last year, as a result of the show, almost 1,000 dogs were exported, half of them going to the U.S.

**CHOW BREEDER**, 86-year-old Florence Sparrow, holds Kora Mito-no, Shiba Inu, Thames Estuary Canine Society



**OFF-DUTY JUDGE.** 68-year-old Captain Hugh Price-Jones, holds wife's winning miniature poodle, Frenches Prince Hal.



**OFF-DUTY HORSEWOMAN.** 32-year-old Audrey Salisbury, minds mother's Dandie Dinmont terrier.

**RETIRED TRAINER.** 70-year-old Scotsman John Forbes, has gained international reputation for his work with gas dogs.



**RELAXED PRESIDENT.** 68-year-old A. Johnston Hay, heads Aberdeen kennel club and raises cockers.



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## TIP FROM THE TOP



For all golfers  
except beginners

from RAY CAFFORD, Middle Country Club, Port West

In the course of his rounds, every golfer is confronted with situations in which he must hit a shot on a higher or lower trajectory than he would normally achieve. He needs a higher trajectory, for instance, to get his shot up and over some towering obstacle like a tall tree. He needs a lower trajectory to keep the ball low into a head wind or under the overhanging branches of a tree.

The best way to alter your trajectory is to alter your stance. For example, if a golfer wants to hit his six-iron in a steeper arc than he usually manages with that club, he should address the ball so that it lies a little further forward than its standard position. In other words, if the ball lies slightly inside the left heel on a standard six-iron shot, it should be positioned an inch or so further forward to get that ball really up in the air. Similarly, the ball should be played slightly back of its customary position to keep it on a low trajectory. The angle of the shaft changes with each position. On low shots, the hands lead more and the face of the club is somewhat hooded at impact. On high shots, the hands trail the club head a fraction at impact and the loft of the face is accentuated.

If a golfer sets up his variations in trajectory by his position at address, then he can concentrate during his swing on hitting the ball cleanly. On the other hand, if he tries to vary his trajectory by varying his swing, he's heading for trouble.

For low trajectory



For high trajectory



For standard trajectory



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## SNOW PATROL

compiled by MORT LUND

### SPOT TO SKI: MAMMOTH MT.

Elevation 9,900 to 9,800 feet; yearly snowfall 35-50 feet; average snow depth 10-15 feet; skiers last year 200,000; season Nov. 1 to July 30

California's—who doesn't need driving to be sure at their week park Mammoth Mt., 90 miles north of Bishop, Calif., for their skiing. Mammoth's modern double chair runs up to the 9,800-foot level and serves the most delightful early-morning resort in the state. From the top of the chair, ten runs drop down a thousand vertical feet to the base. They include two 11-grippe courses for beginners and two faster, shorter runs for experts only. For variation, Mammoth has four fast, diesel-driven rope tows at various levels. International skiers like Jack Hamdick say that the Mammoth skidoo and downhill runs compare with tough European courses. At the base of the Ski Area



Operator Dave McCoy has built a fine warming lodge and cafeteria—both, with enough hot drink around the sides and on top to take care of several harried skiers. Tips? The two ways to get to Mammoth are by car and air. It is 910 miles from Los Angeles, 340 from San Francisco. You can charter a plane to Crowley Lake 12 miles away. Skis and skisals along the road to Mammoth Lakes run \$6.00-\$10.

### AS OF FEBRUARY 3

Nothing is as changeable as the weather, so be sure to telephone resorts for latest reports

*TD=chair-lift; depth in inches; RD=rope-lift; depth in inches; CR=cable car; CR=chairlift; SK=ski lift; CR=chairlift*

#### ● FAR WEST

**Mammoth Mt., Calif.** Packed powder area where skiers can ski up to 10,000 ft. TD 11, RD 12, CR 100, SK 11.

**Big Bear Lake, Calif.** All areas open, including 10,000 ft. TD 11, RD 12, CR 100, SK 11.

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## FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR




 SG—season opened (in open) NG—near  
 sea closed (in closed)  
 C—clear water; D—  
 water muddy N—water  
 slightly high; H—high;  
 VH—very high; L—low;  
 R—rising; F—falling;  
 UTM—water temperature 50 °F; G—fishing good;  
 FF—fishing fair; FP—fishing poor; OF—outlook  
 very good; OG—outlook good; OF—outlook fair;  
 OP—outlook poor

**HOMEFISH:** *ANEMAS* PYL as numerous bones covered flat off Andros, E. F. Harley, St. Petersburg broke Nassau's Bone-fish Club and Bahama tournament record, landing 11-pound 11-ounce halibut, 6/10/77.

**Stage:** *ovipositor*. *Ichneumon* should make an initial spawning run in St. John's River, with hottest spot Lerma bluff near Sanford. Most successful are likely to use hollows and small spaces on spawning grass. DG for *Apanteles* where there are about 100 eggs. In general, taking light rigs with spinners and spinners at Chilpancingo in Great Lakes area should have good luck.

**SOUTH CAROLINA:** 90 Feb. 1, but trailers waiting for big rigs to commence on Edisto and Combahee rivers near crossing of U.S. 17. Small spoons trolled deep and slow will be best fish-getters.

**STEELHEAD:** Another Columbia. Hoofbeats ruled anglers' hopes, but freese returned. All water-courses smaller streams in pond shape, but L and seed along shore. Yelder L and C but no more. Columbia AG by Illinois Falls.

common, 100 m. Nohakura, Montara, Edeta, with fish up to 36 pounds taken. Larvae and effluents over two half. M.T. low. CR.

WASHINGTON. Oregon, Nepal and environmentalists are in conflict over the Clear Forks. Hedding has announced that he wants to allow a dam to be placed

**BLACK BASS:** TENDONING: Heavy rain resulted in high water in lakes and streams but F still G. Hugh Asst. Chalmers, took 11-pound 8-ounce largemouth out of TVA waters below Hales Bar Dam, using spinning outfit and 8-pound test Dufe Hollow and Gower Hill lures, including wood strings.

**LAKEWAY** Immortality: high temperatures rewarded fishermen in Black River cutoff and Lake Lake at Wetmore. Avoided New Orleans, trailing with grey, harkle streamers, and spinnies in the Simpson-Pauls brought new results, while red plastic worms produced in Chevrolet River-masters.

**Warm catfish:** Largemouths will soon be snapping up minnows in both waters in northeast, including Nags Head area, but anglers are advised to wait until March when artificial baits will also remain.

amount; F still F due to unusually icy conditions. Heated-took singers at Lake of Ouzas report FF, but WH if you could, stage out.

**STRIPED BASS:** CALIFORNIA: Splendid winged run machine in Delta despite cold, Frank's Trout, as ever, best bet, but Nan Jaques wildlife mouth at Big Break also yielding double strikes. MARIETTA: Jew, due to fishermen from upper states. Fish ranging from 25 to 50 pounds, with muskies from Montezuma and Klamath also.

**PACIFIC SALMON:** BRITISH COLUMBIA: Bulk catch, contrast to winter run for winter streams and are being heavily stocked. Victoria reports fine run of 22-pounds around Combs and Gormley points. PG at Oak Bay with fish running to 22 pounds. Herring strip has almost disappeared. (HJ).

**SAILFISH:** *gloves: FVG* from Elavri south through Keys as extrajurisdiction reports heavy concentration of seals along World War II

**MISSISSIPPI:** LOUISIANA: Grand fide charter-boat captain said nicely while the sun was out, keeping skiddered parties to the oil rigs where almost any type of artificial bait brought in salmon.

WATCH THAT BALL...  
OR I'LL TAKE YOU BALL!

IT'S WORTH THE LOSS  
IF I WIN THAT GAL!



**SMELLS GRAND!  
PACKS RIGHT!  
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A PIPE SMOKING  
MAN? THEN  
YOU'RE FOR  
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# THE MAKING OF A

*An ex-Army sergeant named Spike Webb joined the Navy in 1919—and taught the budding admirals how to fight*

by NARDI REEDER CAMPION

ONE SPRING NIGHT in 1954 some 200 naval officers, top brass and ordinary gold braid, gathered in Washington to pay tribute to a small, deaf, bald-headed man who stood before them looking like an athletic Victor Moore. In his hands the little man held a handsome silver trophy which was engraved:

To

**SPIKE WEBB**

Coach Instructor Advisor Friend  
From his shipmates  
with admiration  
and the Navy's highest praise:  
"Well done"

Seldom has so much high-ranking affection been showered on a man so obviously unimpressed by rank. The list of guests at the banquet read like *Who's Who in the U.S. Navy*, but to Spike Webb, who in 35 years became a living legend as "the man who taught the Navy how to fight," these nifty celebrities were simply his boys. He had known them when.

Bulldozed, bantam-sized (barely 5 feet 4½ inches in his boxing shoes), Spike stood at the head of the banquet table, bowing modestly to the applause and tributes from his friends and admirers. They pointed out that Spike Webb is a unique figure in the annals of American sport: the only man ever to coach four United States Olympic teams (his Olympic boxer won two team and seven individual championships) and the only boxing coach in history whose teams recorded 11 consecutive years of intercollegiate boxing without a dual-match defeat. Fleet Admiral William F. Halsey stated flatly: "Spike Webb is the greatest

psychologist I have ever known in my life." Another speaker recalled Dan Parker's observation: "When Spike gets the ear of a boxer, he is the most convincing talker alive." A third summed it all up by quoting John V. Greenbach's book *The Saga of Sack*: "Spike Webb is probably the greatest boxing teacher and coach in the world."

Nobody really wanted Spike Webb to retire. It was like thinking that the statue of old Tecumseh, out in front of Bancroft Hall, ought to be put in the attic because it was getting worn. And even at 47 Webb is still as hard as old Tecumseh's bronze—trim, tough, able to box any of his former Navy "boys" and give them a good fight. Today, as

on any day in the past, he can be spotted around the Academy by his distinctive gait and a fedora slanted low across his eyes. He lives in Annapolis, alone, in a third-floor apartment in the house of a retired Navy captain's wife. But he's seldom there. Usually he's heading briskly for the barrens of old friends, or local taverns, or the Carvel Hall Hotel, where there is likely to be a gabby group of retired Navy officers. The talk is boxing. "I still study the fight game all the time," Webb says. "I watch it mostly on television. And, believe me, those guys don't look as hot. They don't know anything about self-defense. There's nobody to teach them any more."

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Nardi Reeder Campion comes from a family steeped in the tradition of the Army. But one brother—Rear Admiral Fred Reeder—managed to escape Army gray and thus provided Mrs. Campion with an entrée to the Navy's Spike Webb. Until now Mrs. Campion, the mother of five children, has been best known as co-author of the book *Knights of the River*, which inspired the West Point movie, *The Long Gray Line*.

SPIKE WEBB ought to know. He coached during an era of fistcuffs and fun that the world is not likely ever to see again. These were the years when Webb made boxing so popular at the Academy that the superintendent once ordered all spectators to wear formal dress to the matches, and admission was by nontransferable ticket—and still there was "square room only" in big Macdonough Hall. There was the time, too, when Spike caught Captain Slade Cutter, who became one of Annapolis' great all-round athletes, slugging it out with another boxer in a fight over a girl; instead of reporting them, Spike refereed the match. And the day Spike introduced Rear Admiral William V. (Mickey) O'Regan, then a shiny new ensign training for the Olympics, to a group of plebes as "captain of the 1923 boxing team, intercollegiate light heavyweight champion and the Naval Academy's greatest boxer." Then Spike asked O'Regan to



# LEGEND

take his stance, and when he did the small coach knocked the Great Hero smack into the middle of the plexus.

That was the way Spike was, all through his career at Annapolis. Even his coming there had a special twist to it; when he applied, he had just shed the uniform of a World War I sergeant in the Army. "When I got back to Baltimore after the war," he recalls it, "Captain P. V. H. Weems told me they were looking for a boxing coach down at the Naval Academy. So I showed up at Annapolis and applied for the job. Lieutenant Commander Bully Richardson, the officer in charge of the gym, had me demonstrate my method of teaching boxing. Then he told me to put on a pair of trunks and fight for the job.

"I had no trunks, so he dug up a pair. They must have been Bully's trunks. He weighed 250 and I weighed 130. They wrapped around me like a kiln-drier.

"Richardson took me to the boxing room, where we found two big men in trunks and boxing gloves, all ready to fight. There was a large group of spectators on hand, which got me wondering if this was some sort of frame-up. I gave myself a fight talk. 'Hell, Spike,' I says to me, 'you're as strong as a pine knot, you're in good fighting condition, you know your boxing and you've got no guts missing.'

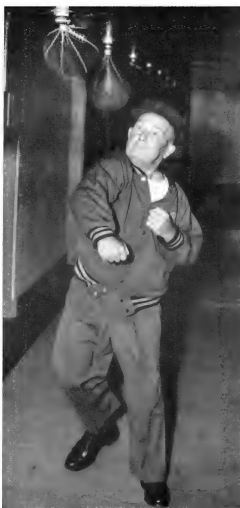
"The commander pointed to one of the men and says, 'This is Joe Stanton, one of our instructors. He'll fight you first.' Stanton was 6 feet, 190 pounds, but I waded into him. I banged him in the furnace, just above the belt. He was through.

"'Now,' says Bully, 'take on this man.'

"He pointed to Frank Szazama. I didn't know it then, but Szazama was the boxing coach at the Naval Academy, and it was his job I was after.

*(continued on next page)*

**THE WEIRD WALKER** has lost little of its power, as Spike ably demonstrates here.





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## SPIKE WEBB

*continued from page 62*

Sonoma was shorter and heavier than Stanton, but much bigger than me. I layed the leather to him. In the middle of the second round Richardson, stopped between us, scratched his head down and said, 'Webb, the job is yours.' From that day on I've belonged to the Navy, heart and soul."

Spike Webb's life is a monument to singleness of purpose—and he has 32 scrapbooks to prove it. From the age of 8, when he wrapped his fists in bicycle tape and began battling on the streets of Baltimore, he has given his time, thought and energy to one thing—the fine art of boxing. But even then he sensed the difference between a boxer and a slugger. Today he still feels contempt for the slugger. To Spike Webb, boxing is an art, his art.

He practiced it himself in his years before the Navy with courage and skill. Webb fought 115 professional bouts, and his record shows 106 victories. They were mostly preliminaries. He was just reaching the main events when the war came. The closest he ever came to showing his potential was the night he fought Johnny Kilbane, then featherweight champion, in a non-title fight in Baltimore. Spike fought Kilbane to a standstill.

Probably his most spectacular battle was on St. Patrick's Day in 1916. Webb was up against a man named Dan Kennedy. He still recalls the fight with relish.

"The referee was named Bull McCarthy, and in those days some called me Irish Webb. 'Twas a true Donnybrook.

"With 15 seconds to go in the 10th round, I threw a left hook at Kennedy, missed him and hit the referee. McCarthy, knocking him cold. A second later I landed one on Kennedy, knocking him colder. The fight ends. McCarthy and Kennedy are out bridle on the floor, and no one is left to declare the winner. Harry Riley, the timekeeper, jumps into the ring and holds up both my hands.

"This fight was used in a *Briefing of the Nation* cartoon by Ripley. It shows what can happen if you overdo the Irish."

Those years in the professional ring not only developed Spike Webb's boxing skill but also his eye for boxers. He became—and still remains—one of the keenest observers of fighters in the game. For example, when Webb

*continued on page 66*

# SPIKE'S ALBUM OF MEMORIES



*At 5, shy and bashful*



*Posing during roadwork, '07*



*Rearing back at Navy, '30*



*AKF coach, '37*



*Figure—"the best!"*



*Spike with Hershberg (left) and Franklin Gorman, '20*



*Navy's boxing team, '24*



*Farwell; Admirals Henderson (left), O'Brien (right)*

BRINGS OUT THE

# Male

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...PHOTOGRAPH BY: HAYRELL, INC. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## SPIKE WEBB

(continued from page 41)

spotted Sugar Ray Robinson 17 years ago, the greatest welterweight champion of the age was only a youngster struggling to hold his chin up in the Golden Gloves. But Webb realized that here was a potentially outstanding fighter, and he spent a lot of his time working with him.

"I was coaching in the 1940 tournaments," Spike recalls, "and one of the first boys to report to me was this skinny kid named Walker Smith. He was a happy-go-lucky fellow who needed a lot of smartening up. He won his first title for me, and later wrote me a letter saying, 'Thank you, Spike, for helping a poor Negro boy to make good.'"

"Walker Smith changed his name to Sugar Ray Robinson because his mother was crazy over Beppie Robinson, the great dancer. Sugar Ray is a gentle soul. He's got music in his heart, he likes to dance and sing and tell jokes. I had to work to get fight in him. Only one time did he get mad. I'll never forget it.

"In the semifinals in a bout in New York a boy from Atlanta, one of those Rebels from the South, was to fight Robinson. In the ring the white boy wouldn't look at Robinson or at George Gainsford, who was seconding him. The Rebel just pulled his stool out and sits down with his back to the colored boys.

"Holy cow! Did Robinson get mad! He was on fire. The gong rang, and Sugar Ray tore that Rebel apart. Knocked him cold. I think that was the night easygoing Sugar Ray Robinson got enough fight in his heart to become a world champion."

When World War I began, Webb enlisted in the Army, was sent to France and served there as a sergeant. After the armistice he stayed in Europe to train the AEF boxing team for the Inter-Allied Games. Here he developed two of the greatest boxers of all times. One was Eddie Egan, who won the middleweight title in the games and finally went on to win the Olympic light heavyweight championship. "Egan is the greatest amateur fighter America ever produced," says Webb. The other was Gene Tunney, who won the AEF light heavyweight title. Tunney gives



THE "NAVY BRATS" are weighed in by Webb at start of annual Jackie boxing program he initiated when he first came to Annapolis and on which he still keeps a watchful eye.

Webb credit for developing his style.

"Gene Tunney and I became great friends," Webb says. "I used to box a lot with him. He was a big, lanky, loose-kneed kid in tennis shoes. He only weighed about 170 then. He was smart and he made a lot of the guys sore by quoting Shakespeare and using words a yard long. But he knew where he was going. He told me he was going to be heavyweight champion of the world. And I believed him."

After the Inter-Allied Games were over, Tunney and Webb returned to the states together. On board ship, the order was that anyone below the rank of corporal had to clean quarters and do K.P. Webb, as a sergeant, was exempt, but Tunney was still a private.

"Tunney came to me," Webb recalls, "and said I had to do something for him. 'I'm a Marine coming home from war,' he said. 'I can't scrub a Navy ship. Spike, you've got to get me some sergeant's stripes.' Well he looked so pitiful that I bought him a pair at the ship's store and sewed them on his shirt myself. He was so grateful to me that he went below to the canteen and bought me a box of candy. We sat up by the stacks and ate it, with the cinders falling all around us."

ONE of Webb's first projects as the new coach of the Naval Academy was the initiation of the Navy Junior boxing program. He has always believed that boys should learn boxing early, and he proceeded to develop this into a national institution now familiar to all sport page readers and TV fans. Webb never let his interest in the Academy boxes interfere with his love for the mosque, the flea and grasshopper weights. These sons of officers and civilian faculty, age 5 to 12, took boxing lessons from Webb during the winter and battled for championships in the April tournament. Webb's successor, Tony Rabino, handles the event and training now, but Webb, in an honorary position, is always around for the tournaments.

The "Navy Brats," as they are affectionately called, were measured for trunks and shirts, and Webb drew up a regular set of training rules for them. He made them eat down on sweets, go to bed every night at 8 o'clock, and keep themselves scrubbed clean. Each boxing class started with 10 minutes of loosing-up exercises. Then the kids gathered around Webb while he gave a five-minute lecture on eating green vegetables or whatever their mothers were pushing that week.

*continued on next page*



*The LMSD or OS Tunney Cannon\**

## Fire the Cannon! Release the Doves!

### *Martini drinkers declare peace*

Remember the first dry martini ever mixed was welcomed as an earth-shaking discovery. The original formula was 3 parts gin, 1 part Dry Vermouth. It was a good drink. The inventor, full of warren and accomplishment, sailed back to a life of joyful obscurity.

Then someone started fiddling with the formula. Martinis were mixed 4 to 1, 6 to 1, and even 8 to 1, a pagan potion full of flame and fury. The outcome was—vermouth seemed obnoxious, aggressive in flavor—or that its dark, moody hue was a poor thing, asked to have staring out of one's martini glass.

Plainly, someone had to do something. Fortunately, someone did. It was San Francisco's Lower Montgomery Street Olive or Onion Society. They met, mixed and mixed again,

impartially, until all agreed on the One Perfect Martini—dram-dry, pale and clear as a winter moon.

Below is the Society's official Martini recipe for this year, repeated with the Society's kind permission:

*3 parts dry gin*

*1 part Cressa Blanca Triple Dry White Vermouth*

*Stir with ice. (do not shake.)*

*Serve in chilled glasses.*

See? We're back to 3 to 1! Don't panic at these modest proportions. Thanks to Cressa Blanca White Vermouth's special palmers and triple-dryness, here is a martini full of the old intellect, serenity and flashing humor. Pour, rigour among all martini-drinking factions. So fire the cannon! Release the doves! A toast to the bottled goods dealer with you.

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*\*Believe it or not, these gentlemen are the members of the Lower Montgomery Street Olive or Onion Society, hosting 1 community (L to R) Paul Ryland, Barney Vogel, Willard Cox, Tom Colford*

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**SHOP IN NEXT WEEK'S WEEKEND SHOPPER**

## SPIKE WEBB

continued from page 57

"I taught the kids the fundamentals of boxing," Webb says. "I passed them off as carefully as I did middlemen, then sent them into the ring. Of course, they couldn't sock hard, but facing each other in personal combat, I think, developed their courage and manly spirit. I never let one fellow ease over another, and if there was a bully, we took him down a peg."

Webb took pride in telling a Navy Junior that he'd taught his Dad a thing or two about boxing. "That's one of my biggest thrills, when I see one of my boys bring his kid to me for lessons. I'll always remember when Old Bull Halsey brought along young Bill. He turned out to be one of the best of my Navy Juniors and he was a smart little boxer in those days. A sad thing happened though. He went to Princeton. But he joined the Navy later, and did a great job in the Pacific in the last war."

Admiral Bull Halsey was at the Naval Academy from 1927 until 1938 as a captain. He was the officer in charge of boxing, and he loved watching Webb work out with his boys. Every afternoon he would come over to the gym to see the workouts, and tagging along behind him would be young Bill, Margaret, his daughter, and Mrs. Halsey.

"Halsey is a good, tough, old, rough seafarer with a big heart," Webb says fondly. "We made lots of trips together with the boxes. Sometimes he'd jump right into the ring and help me coach. When he dies we're going to move John Paul Jones out of the crypt and put old Bull there."

"Another of my prize Juniors was Rear Admiral Bruce McFarland. He had spunk as a middleweight and as a middleweight middleweight fighter. It was no surprise to me when he won the Congressional Medal of Honor for saving the cruiser USS *Princeton* after all the senior officers on the bridge were killed by a Jap salvo. As soon as Bruce regained consciousness, he barked out orders that led to the disabling of a Jap battleship. That's some guy, boys."

At the end of the war the Pentagon tabulated the record Webb's boys made. It was impressive. Fifty-three of his boxes had been decorated.

Deadly serious though he was about boxing, Spike is also remembered at the Academy for his practical jokes. One of the most famous of these involved a foreign fencing coach. Spike pinned a note to the coach's suit asking

the tailor to shorten the pants five inches. Another was more constructive, at least in retrospect. Before a crucial game with Notre Dame, Webb secretly painted Bill, the Navy great, bright green, then loudly blamed the Irish and succeeded in getting the midshipmen fighting mad. They lost anyway, but Spike feels they would have lost by a lot more without his trick.

Sam Masberg, a Navy man who went on to become a Brooklyn furniture dealer, tells about the day he was sick with worry about boxing before the big crowds in the 1920 Olympics at Antwerp. Suddenly someone shoved a cablegram in his hand. It read: "All Brooklyn is waiting up tonight to hear you win the fight. God be with you, Mother." It was the shove that Masberg needed; he couldn't let all of Brooklyn down. The next day, after Masberg won the Olympic lightweight championship, "Mother" was identified as Spike Webb.

Webb's own favorite story is about the 1928 Olympic Games, when he was coaching the American boxing team. "General Douglas MacArthur was president of the American Olympic Committee then," he recalls. "Going across to Amsterdam on the *Prinzess Alice*, MacArthur flew his flag on the ship. He was head man.

"The American fighters got a lot of decisions in the Olympic matches that would make a month-old package of Limburger smell like a bouquet. My manager, Jake Stumpf, and a lot of others wanted to withdraw. MacArthur sent for me. He was a big magnificent officer, but a very nervous sort of fellow—he never sat down. He poured back and forth, as I started to pace along with him.

"Spike," says the general, "sit down. I always walk the floor when I think." (And he thought all the time.)

"He told me to get my team. He wanted to talk to them. When the team came in, MacArthur kept walking back and forth. 'Boys,' he says, 'I hear we're withdrawing. I want every one of you to go back and fight.' He pointed to the flag. 'You're over here representing that. I want you to fight your heart out for it. If they give you bad decisions you have to go down fighting, because Americans never quit.'

"Everyone clapped and cheered. This was the best speech I ever heard."

To Spike, these were the good old days, the days when intercollegiate boxing was still a major sport. He was in it at the very beginning; he was present when a match between Dick

Harker's Penn State losses and George Decker's Penn team in 1919 rang the opening bell on a sport that grew steadily in popularity. He has also been in it at its decline; over the past 14 years college boxing has disappeared from one campus, then another, until today it is only participated in at a handful of schools. But Spike Webb is still fiery in his concern about it. He sincerely (and probably overoptimistically) believes: "It's got to come back. The boys today have guts and muscle," he says, "but this automatic punchlife life don't give the kids a chance to use them. Boxing would."

Webb's own influence spread far beyond the Naval Academy. In fact, he is still known all over the world. He traveled widely, not only with the Navy but also with the Olympic teams he coached. Eddie Egan, his old protégé, received frequent proof of this when he went on a recent trip around the world. When he got to Japan, he recalls, people asked him: "You know Spike Webb?" In France, it was: "Et Monsieur Webb, comment ça va?" In Denmark, Italy and many other places, he was repeatedly asked the same thing.

But Spike himself once had the most convincing demonstration of his own fame of anyone. It happened in Denmark, a country he had visited five times and for whose newspapers he wrote, at one time, quite extensively. In fact, he was an well known there that a Danish newspaper columnist, many years ago, wrote a serial in which Spike was the central character—a sort of combination of George Washington and Buffalo Bill, with a dash of Dumas' Jim Brady thrown in. One day when Spike was having a schnapp in a Copenhagen bar, he fell into conversation with the man next to him, and wound up introducing himself. "My name's Spike Webb," he said, and put out his hand.

His new-found friend drew back, as if startled. "Spike Webb?" he said. "You're a fraud. You can't be Spike Webb. He's a legend!" **END**

Next Week: Part II

## HOW THE NAVY GOT ITS PUNCH

*A tournament at sea; practical jokes; learning and teaching; a golden era comes to an end*



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It's a dream that's bound to come to every American at least once in his lifetime. Next week in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** you'll find out how the dream is turning out for Fred Knorr and his associates, who bought the Detroit Tigers last year.

As baseball is both a game and a business, buying a club, it seems, has both its pleasures and its problems. Roy Terrell tells the whole story in the February 18th issue of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. On newsstands February 14th.

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## HOT STOVE: IT'S FAIR, IT'S FOUL

SIR:

NATURALLY I WAS INTERESTED IN ADMIRAL DANIEL GALLERY'S OPINION ON STOPS IN FEB. 4 1991. WHILE RAISING SOME GOOD POINTS IT WENT UNMENTIONED: (1) GALLERY, IN COMMON, DOES NOT PROHIBIT A LOT OF RULES. PROHIBITS, NOT COMMENDS. IN COMMON, THERE, ADDITION, IN COMMON, LEADING, POSITION AT READING, ON DOUBLE PLAY QUOTES WOULD BE, SECTION 6.05 OR APPLIES, IN PLAY DESCRIBED AT BOTTOM OF COLUMN THREE, BELIEVE I'VE PIRATED COULD INTERFERE GIVEN THEIR UNDERSTANDING AND REASONED, PLAY READING OF INDICATE INTERFERED AND MAKING TRUTH OF GAME. IN COLUMN SIX READING, WITH THE OUT BALL READING FAIR, STOPS SAYS NOT THERE IN HIS MIND NOT TO CALL IT FAIR, IF IT WOULD BE IT ANY I'D HAVE GIVEN A CALL IT INTERFERED CLEAN FAIR BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT RULES SPECIFY.

A. G. TAYLOR SPINK

ST. LOUIS

Like any other good fan, Mr. Spink, publisher of baseball's authoritative *Sporting News*, is entitled to an educated opinion on the rules. On the everyday assault and battery that occurs around second base when the lead runner tries to break up a double play, section 6.05 (M) certainly fits as snugly as section 7.09 (F). On preventing a double play by feinting the ball and claiming to be hit by a batted ball, Larry Napp, American League umpire, recalls just such an ingenious oddity in an exhibition game last spring. With the bases loaded and one out, a sharp grounder was hit toward short. But Johnny Temple, the runner on second, scooped up the ball. Napp, who was calling second, could only rule Temple out as being hit by a batted ball. Would Mr. Napp rule an automatic double play if it happened again? "Certainly not," said he. "I'd be breaking the rules of the game." Mr. Spink is right in claiming that no umpire would admit to anything but a fair call on a pop foul rolling fair, but in actual play such balls are called foul again and again. Admiral Gallery should indeed have said "... protests are upheld by the league president as often as your grandmother gets a three-base hit." As the admiral did say, baseball is a complicated game.—ED.

## HOT STOVE: ALL I CAN SAY

SIR:

All I can say to Mr. William L. Baker of Kitchell, Austin is Wilhelm, Schneider and Mueller for Cross, Thomas and O'Connell! Your Giants haven't completely lost their minds, although the Braves would probably go out of them if they could make that deal.

ELLEN KURKENT

Dallas

## HOT STOVE: NOT MY IDEA

SIR:

In 19th Hole (SI, Jan. 28), William L. Baker said he was a wifful Giant fan, then proceeded to trade away everything but everything.

Some of the trades I agree with. They would plug some holes. But trading Andre-askh and getting Backus to replace Franco almost as bad as trading May for Frank Lane. O'Connell replacing Schneider would be funny if it were not so silly.

I am not a wifful Giant fan. I'm an optimistic one, just as long as getting a good trade the double-headed pitcher and the best second baseman in the league.

ELIZABETH FISHER

Greenfield, Ind.

## HOT STOVE: A GOOD MOVE FORWARD

SIR:

I want to see any team in the league use the pennant except the Yankees. So in hopes of strengthening the leading contender, I suggest that the Indians give up Carmichael, Hagan and Busto to the Red Sox for Klase, Stephens and Daley. Carmichael could fill the hole at short for the Red Sox while Busto and Hagan would give them experienced depth. For the Indians Klase could help at short and third and Stephens might be able to start in center field.

CHARLES QUINCE

Kalamazoo, Mich.

## HOT STOVE: REASONABLE MAN

SIR:

I am thoroughly disgusted with people who dream up fantastic trades, so I am going to spell out a reasonable order of bids in the AL:

1. Mickey Maize.
2. Detroit (Frank Lary will have a good first ball and a good second ball).
3. Chicago (Moose will spark).
4. Boston (The absence of a southpaw pitcher will cost them a good year).
5. Cleveland (No hitting).
6. Baltimore.
7. Washington (No outfield—no hitting, which will mean a move to Los Angeles).
8. Kansas City (No pitching and no hitting. No stats).

PAUL BRYER

Washington, D.C.

## PENN STOVE: THE LOWLIEST MAN

SIR:

Joe's Sports article *Pivots of Penn's Real-Life Drama* (SI, Jan. 28) was extremely enlightening.

The underlying point of the issue is, why did George Manger resign after 17 years of outstanding success? Was it really his being in the dark as to the scheduling? George Manger had to face some 20-odd fans who had been informed that they were not going to receive financial aid although the university had led them to believe they would receive scholarships. To be accepted for a scholarship at an Ivy League school a fellow must wait till the middle of May to find out if the university has granted him aid. Waiting until the end of May is trying for a player who is being

swamped with attractive offers from other universities, since he has definitely set his sights on Penn. Such was the case for those 20-odd fans. They wanted Penn and its offer of a good Ivy League education, an Ivy League tradition, and good role-model-ivy football. Those were the traditions and beliefs that Manger and his staff had worked so hard to build in Pennsylvania prospects. When Manger received the season the last 11 days, I feel certain that he was the lastest man in the world. All the honor and tradition came crashing down because of a handful of officials who had kept Manger in the dark about the scheduling.

JAMES R. CASTLE

Lieut. jg., USNR

Captain, 1984 U. of P. football team  
San Francisco

## PENN STOVE: PRESS MAN

SIR:

Joe Sayre knows his Quaker oats. That was a fine piece as Penn football.

During the days of indecision between the end of the season and Coach Steve Sebo's new contract the local press played an interesting role.

The *Lehigh Valley* started columns of type to the Warriors.

Mike Sports Editor, Ed Felleck, Penn's press—local—Expendable Old died, devoted columns to proving that he and some of All American of the Beaver-est was known about football that Sebo. This included complete inaccuracy on how to defense the split ("Coach the ends at the quarterback"). Oklahoma opponents take note.

Joe's New Sportswriter Lou King championed Sebo's cause from the beginning. He showed, as Mr. Sayre did, that Sebo was the victim of the Season legacy and an empty pool of talent; that all through the an-Ivy Leagueship howling of some students and alumni, Mike's corner Sebo conducted himself like Ivy League like to think they do.

Dr. Harnwell did the rest.

LARRY MURKANT

Photo Editor

Philadelphia *Joey News*

Philadelphia

## PENN STOVE: SKELETONS ON THE CAMPUS

SIR:

I was an associate sports editor of the *Daily Pennsylvanian*, the student newspaper at Penn, until the day Steve Sebo received another three-year contract as head football coach at the U. of P. About three weeks before the end of the season I wrote a story in the paper which began with "Steve Sebo's contract as head football coach at Pennsylvania should be renewed when it expires in January."

The Philadelphia *Public* and *Lehigh Valley* picked up the story and printed it in part on their sports pages.

I was suspended for the remainder of the semester and demoted for not showing "proper respect" for the college paper.

Sebo is a capable coach and is a fine man, as evidenced by his refusal to leave a



word for three years about the players he had at his disposal to meet the strong teams Penn faced. I am glad it is all over, and I hope this sort of thing never happens again on the Penn campus or at any other college or university in the future.

WILLIAM LART

Philadelphia

#### BANQUET CIRCUIT: TELL ANOTHER

Sir:

I protest! As one who is called on to speak in public on sports, I protest the printing of the basic repertory of football jokes (E & D, Jan. 28).

This crude broadside means that hundreds of writers, broadcasters and coaches will have to hurry for new material. But perhaps this is most humane to those who must listen. So, let's kill another one:

Texas Coach Bobby Dobbs is helping a big, strapping 6-foot 4-inch lumberjack tackle prospect milk the cow and apparently doing famously in telling of the educational advantages of Texas U. The milking done, Dobbs grabs two pails to carry them to the house and conclude arrangements with the boy's mother who is supervising the charming. Lo, as the kitchen door opens Dobbs discovers the chamber to be Bud Wilkinson.

BILL BRYAN

Oklahoma City

● Fortunately, the supply of stories is nearly as inexhaustible as the capacity of the listeners to laugh at them. As a possibly new replacement there's the true one of a game the Los Angeles Rams lost to the Philadelphia Eagles back in 1949. A Ram owner, Ed Pauley, sure the team would win, brought a Pullman load of friends from the Coast to Philadelphia, including General Mark Clark. At the half the Eagles led 28-0, and Ram Assistant Coach Joe Stydahar was having a tough time adjusting defenses in the dressing room when the Ram owner and General Clark walked in. The general gave the team a 15-minute inspirational talk and when they kicked off to open the second half, the Eagles' Russ Craft returned the kickoff 103 yards for a touchdown. Vitamin Smith, in his first year with the Rams, turned to Stydahar on the bench and said, "Coach, ask the general what do we do now?"—Ed.

#### BANQUET CIRCUIT: TELL IT AGAIN

Sir:

Please refer to the story about the official and the offside penalty.

An 85-yard scoring play is called back for an offside. That means that play started on the 15-yard line.

Official paces off 5-yard penalty... that puts ball on 10-yard line.

Coach howls loudly, "You stink!" "Offside!... kept going for 18 more. He put the ball down, turned to the coach and yelled, "How do I smell from here?"

"I'd say he smells like he was five yards behind the goal line!"

What does your nose say?

JACKSON COX

Fort Worth

● Obviously our coach had lost his nose.—Ed.



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**PAT ON  
THE BACK**



**ROBERT F. GOHEEN**

It seems unlikely that Robert Goheen, as a member of the Princeton graduating class of '40, had any inkling he would be kingpin on the campus in less than 20 years. Yet this former member of Old Nassau's varsity soccer squad (second left, second row) takes over as president this June. Dr. Goheen, who will be one of the youngest presides in the University history, has been assistant professor of classics at Princeton since 1959. In undergraduate days he was a keen athlete and president of the Intramural Athletic Association. Father of six children, Dr. Goheen now devotes many Sundays to coaching a group of 9-year-olds in football, plays tennis or golf when the weather allows, turns to squash when winter sets in.



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